THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER VIII.

In 1843 the government sent forth one of their endless "Commissions"—the famous "Landlord and Tenant Commission"—to travel through Ireland, collect evidence, and report on the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland. In '44 it traveled and investigated, and the next year its report came out in four great volumes. The true function and object of this commission was to devise the best means of getting rid of what Englishmen called "the surplus population" of Ireland. Ever since the year 1829, the year of Catholic emancipation, British policy had been directing itself to this end. We shall see how it worked.

As a condition of Catholic emancipation, the "forty shilling franchise" had been abolished, so that the privilege of voting for members of parliament should be taken away from the great mass of the Catholic peasantry. This low franchise had theretofore induced landlords (for the sake of securing political power), to subdivide farms and create voters. The franchise abolished, there was no longer any political use for the people, and it happened about the same time that new theories of farming became fashionable. "High farming" was the word. There was to be more grazing, more green cropping; there were to be larger farms, and more labor was to be done by horses and by steam. But consolidation of many small farms into one large one could not be effected without clearing off the "surplus population," and then, as there would be fewer mouths to be fed, so there would be more produce for export to England. The clearance system, then, had begun in 1829, and had proceeded with great activity ever since, and as the tenants were almost all tenants-at-will there was no difficulty in this, except the expense.

The code of cheap ejectment was therefore improved for the use of Irish landlords. As the laws of England and of Ireland are extremely different in regard to franchise and to land-tenure, and as the ejectment laws were invented exclusively for Ireland, to clear off the "surplus population," I shall give a short account of them.

There had been an Act of George the Third (1815) providing that in all cases of holdings, the rent of which was under £20—this included the whole class of small farms—the assistant barrister at sessions (the county judge) could make a decree at the cost of a few shillings to eject any man from house and farm. Two years after, the proceedings in ejectment were still further simplified and facilitated by an act making the sole evidence of a landlord or his agent sufficient testimony to ascertain the amount of rent due.

By another act of the first year of George the Fourth it was declared that the provisions of the cheap Ejectment Act "had been found highly beneficial" (that is to say, thousands of farms had been cleared off)—"and it was desirable that the same should be extended." Thereupon it was enacted that the power of summary ejectment at quarter sessions should apply to all holdings at less than £50 rent, and, by the same statute, the cost of procuring ejectments was still further reduced. In the reigns of George the Fourth and Victoria other acts were made for the same purpose, so that the cost and trouble of laying waste a townland and leveling all its houses had come to be very trifling. It must be admitted that there is cheap justice in Ireland, at least for some people.

In many parts of the island extermination of the people had been sweeping. At every quarter sessions, in every county, there were always many ejectments, and I have seen them signed by assistant barristers by hundreds in one sheaf. They were then placed in the hands of bailiffs and police, and came down on some devoted townland with more terrible destruction than an enemy's sword and torch. Whole neighborhoods were often thrown out to on the highways in winter, and the homeless creatures lived for a while upon the charity of neighbors; but this was dangerous, for the neighbors were often themselves ejected for harboring them. Some landlords contracted with emigration companies to carry them to America "for a lump sum," according to the advertisements I cited before. Others did not care what became of them, and hundreds and thousands perished every year of mere hardship.

All this seems a tale of incredible horror. But there are in these United States, this moment, at least one million of persons, each of whom knows the truth of every word I have written, and could add to my general statement, circumstances of horror and atrocity, that might make one tremble with rage as he reads.

The Irish are peculiarly attached to their homesteads, and, like all people of poetic temperament, surround their homes and hearths with more tender associations than a race of duller perception could understand. Take, from a volume published in '44, one ejectment tableau—

"Having swept from every corner towards the door, she now took the gatherings by handfuls and flung them high into the air, to be scattered by the winds. Having next procured some salt upon a plate, she went again through every part of the dwelling, turning the salt over and over with her fingers as she went. This lustral visit finished, she divided the salt into separate parcels, which she handed to those without, with directions for its farther distribution.

"She now wrenched from the threshold the horseshoe which the Irish peasantry generally nail upon it, imputing to it some mystic influence, after which, standing erect, with one foot within the house and the other outside, she signed the sign of the cross on her brow and on her breast. This strange ceremony was concluded by a sweeping motion of the hand towards the open air, and a similar one in the contrary direction, attended by a rapid movement of the lips, as though she muttered some conjuration. A reverent inclination of her body followed, and again she made the holy sign; then, drawing herself up to her full stature, she took her place among the children, and, without casting a look upon the desecrated cabin, she departed from the place."

It is but fair to tell that sometimes an ejecting landlord or agent was shot by desperate, houseless men. What wonder? There were not half enough of them shot. If the people had not been too gentle, forgiving, and submissive, their island could never have become a horror and scandal to the earth.

There was a "Poor Law" in Ireland since 1843—a law which had been forced on the country against its will, on the recommendation of an English tourist (one Nichols); and workhouses, erected under that law, received many of the exterminated people. But it is a strangely significant fact that the deaths by starvation increased rapidly from the first year of the poor law. The report of the census commissioners, for 1851, declares that while in 1842 the deaths registered as deaths by famine amounted to 167, they increased every year, until the registered deaths in 1845 were 516. The "registered" deaths were, perhaps, one-tenth of the unregistered deaths by mere hunger.

Such, then, was the condition of Ireland in 1844-45, and all this before the "Famine."

Now, the "Landlord and Tenant Commission" began its labors in '44. The people were told to expect great benefits from it. The commissioners, it was diligently given out, would inquire into the various acknowledged evils that were becoming proverbial throughout Europe and America, and there were to be parliamentary "ameliorations." This commission looked like a deliberate fraud from the first. It was composed entirely of landlords, the chairman (Lord Devon) being one of the Irish absentee landlords. It was at all times quite certain that they would see no evidence of any evils to be redressed on the part of the tenants, and that, if they recommended any measures, those measures would be such as should promote and make more sweeping the depopulation of the country. "You might as well," said O'Connell, "consult butchers about keeping Lent as consult these men about the rights of farmers."

The report of this set of commissioners would deserve no more especial notice than any of the other reports of innumerable commissions which the British parliament was in the habit of issuing when they pretended to inquire into any Irish "grievance"—and which were usually printed in vast volumes, bound in blue paper, and never read by any human eye—but that the report of this particular "Devon Commission" has become the very creed and gospel of British statesmen with regard to the Irish people from that day to this. It is the programme and scheme upon which the Last Conquest of Ireland was undertaken in a business like manner years ago, and the completeness of that conquest is due to the exactitude with which the programme was observed.

The problem to be solved was, how to get rid of the people. There was a "surplus population" in Ireland—this had long been admitted in political circles—and the alarming masses of powerful men who had trooped to the summons of O'Connell, and had been by him paraded "in their moral might," as he said, at so many points of the island, brought home to the bosoms of Englishmen a stern conviction of the absolute necessity that existed to thin out these multitudinous *Celts*.

One of the strongest demands and most urgent needs of these people had always been permanence of tenure in their lands—O'Connell called it "fixity of tenure," and presented it prominently in his speeches, as one of the greatest benefits to be gained by repealing the Union. It was indeed the grand necessity of the nation—that men should have some security—that they who sowed should reap—that labor and capital expended in improving farms should, in part at least, profit those who expended it. This would at once prevent pauperism, put an end to the necessity of emigration, supersede poor laws, and prevent the periodical famines which had desolated the island ever since the Union. It is a measure which would have been sure to be recommended as the first, or indeed, the only measure for Ireland by any other commission than a commission of Irish landlords.

In the northern province of Ulster there was, as before mentioned, a kind of unwritten law, or established custom, which, in some counties, gave the tenant such needful security. The "Tenant-Right of Ulster" was the name of it. By virtue of that tenant-right, a farmer, though his tenure might be nominally "at will," could not be ejected so long as he paid his rent, and if he desired to move to another part of the country he could sell his "good will" in the farm to an incoming tenant. Of course the greater had been his improvements, the larger price would his tenant-right command; in other words, the improvements created by his own or his father's industry were his. The same custom prevented rents from being arbitrarily raised in proportion to the improved value, so that in many cases which came within my own knowledge, in my profession, lands held "at will" in Ulster, and subject to an ample rent, were sold by one tenant-at-will to another tenant at-will at full half the fee-simple value of the land. Conveyances were made of it. It was a valuable property, and any violent invasion of it, as a witness told Lord Devon's commission, would have "made Down another Tipperary."

The custom was almost confined to Ulster. It was by no means (though this has often been stated) created or commenced by the terms of the Plantation of Ulster in the time of King James the First, but was a relic of the ancient free social polity of the nation, and had continued in Ulster longer than in the other three provinces, simply because Ulster had been the last part of the island brought under British dominion, and forced to exchange the ancient system of tribe-lands for feudal tenures. Neither is the custom peculiar to Ireland. It prevails in Italy, in Spain, in Hungary, in all Austria. In France and Prussia it has ripened into full peasant proprietorship, and nowhere, perhaps, in all Europe, is it denied or disallowed to the tillers of the soil, except in Galicia (the Austrian part of Poland) and in the three southern provinces of Ireland.

Surely it was fair, it was not unnatural, that Tipperary should seek to become another Down, and if, throughout all Munster, Leinster and Connacht there was idleness and indifference to improvement of farms, who could expect it to be otherwise, seeing that if a man was so insane as to improve, to drain, to fence, to build a better cabin, his landlord was quite sure to serve him with a "notice to quit." In fact, on many estates those notices were always served regularly from six months to six months—so that at every quarter sessions the whole population of such estates was liable to instant extermination.

The people of Ireland are not idle. They anxiously sought opportunities of exertion on fields where their landlords could not sweep off all their earnings, and many thousands of small farmers annually went to England and Scotland to reap the harvest, lived all the time on food that would sustain no other working men, and hoarded their earnings for their wives and children. If they had had tenant-right they would have labored for themselves, and Tipperary would have been a peaceful and blooming garden.

Is the American mind able to conceive it possible that noble lords and gentlemen, the landlords and legislators of an ancient and noble people, should deliberately conspire to slay one out of ever four—men, women and little children—to strip the remainder barer than they were—to uproot them from the soil where their mothers bore them—to force them to flee to all the ends of the earth—to destroy that tenant-right of Ulster where it was, and to cut off all hope and chance of it where it was not? No; I can hardly suppose that an American is able to grasp the idea; his education has not fitted him for it; and I hesitate to make the assertion of this deliberate conspiracy. Take the facts and documents and draw such inferences as they will bear.

First, then, for the report of the Devon commission. As first printed, it fills four stupendous "Blue Books." But it contained too much valuable matter to be buried, like other reports, in the catacombs which yawn for that species of literature. The secretary of the commission, therefore, was employed to abstract and condense and present the cream of it in two or three volumes. This had the advantage, not only of condensation, but of selection; the commissioners could then give the pieces of evidence which they liked the best, together with their own recommendations. Now, those volumes have been the Bible of British legislators and Irish landlords; the death-warrant of one million and a half of human beings, and the sentence of pauper banishment against full a million and a half more. It is worth while to examine so portentous a volume. It is called a "Digest of the Evidence," etc., is published by authority and has a preface signed "Devon."

Much of the volume is occupied with dissertations and evidence respecting "Tenant-Right," which the north had, and the south demanded. The commissioners are clearly against it in every shape. They term it "unphilosophical," and in the preface they state that the Ulster landlords and tenants look upon it in the light of a life-insurance—that is, the landlord allows the sale of tenant-right, and the incoming tenant buys it, lest they should both be murdered by the outgoing tenant. The following passage treats this tenant-right as injurious to the tenant himself:

"It is even questionable whether this growing practice of tenant right, which would at the first view appear to be a valuable assumption on the part of the tenant, be so in reality, as it gives to him without any exertion on his own part an apparent property or security, by means of which he is enabled to incur future incumbrance in order to avoid present inconvenience—a practice which frequently terminates in the utter destitution of his family, and in the sale of his farm, when the debts thus created at usurious interest amount to what its sale would produce."

It appears then that it is injurious to the tenant to let him have anything on the security of which he can borrow money, a theory which the landlords would not relish if applied to themselves. Further, the commissioners declare that this tenant-right is enjoyed without any exertion on the part of tenants. Yet they have, in all cases, either created the whole value of it in the sweat of their brows, or bought it from those who did so create it.

The commissioners "foresee some danger to the just rights of property, from the unlimited allowance of this tenant right." But they suggest a substitute: "Compensation for future improvements;" surrounding, however, that suggestion with difficulties which have prevented it from ever being realized.

Speaking of the consolidation of farms, they say:

"When it is seen in the evidence, and in the return of the size of the farms, how small those holdings are, it cannot be denied that such a step is absolutely necessary."

And then, as to the people whom it is thus "necessary" to eject, they say:

"Emigration is considered by the committee to be peculiarly applicable as a remedial measure."

They refer to one of their tables (No. 95, p. 564), where

"The calculation is put forward, showing that the consolidation of the small holdings up to eight acres* would require the removal of about 192 368 families."

That is, the removal of about 1,000,000 of persons.

Such was the Devon programme—tenant-right to be disallowed; 1,000,000 of people to be removed, that is, swept out on the highways, where their choice would be America, the poor-house or the grave. We shall see with what accuracy the details were carried out in practice.

The "Integrity of the Empire" was to be menaced no more by half-million Tara meetings; those ordered masses of the "Irish Enemy," with their growing enthusiasm, their rising spirit and their yet more dangerous discipline, were to be thinned, to be cleared off, out all in the way of "amelioration." They were to be ameliorated out of their lives, there was to be a battle of benevolence. Both government and landlords had been thoroughly frightened by that vast parade of a nation, and they knew they had only been saved by O'Connell and his peace principle, and O'Connell was not immortal.

When I say there was a conspiracy of landlords and legislators to destroy the people, it would be unjust, as it is unnecessary, to charge all members of the queen's government, or all or any of the Devon commissioners, with a privity to that design. Sir Robert Peel knew how Irish landlords would inquire—and what report they would make—just as well as he knew what verdict a jury of Dublin Orangemen would give. Sir Robert Peel had been Irish secretary. He knew Ireland well; he had been prime minister at the time of Catholic Emancipation, and he had taken care to accompany that measure with another, disfranchising all the small farmers in Ireland. This disfranchisement, as before explained, had given a stimulus and impetus to the clearance system. He had helped it by cheap ejectment acts. But it had not worked fast enough.

*An Irish acre is to an English one in the proportion of eight to five, nearly.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Postmaster Foster of Lubec, Maine, writes that after the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla brought him out of a feeble, nervous condition, into complete strength and health.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

The use of Hall's Hair Renewer promotes the growth of the hair, and restores its natural color and beauty, frees the scalp of dandruff, tetter, and all impurities.

SAXON JUGGLERS.

A Determined Attempt on the Part of Some Knavish English Radicals to Make Gladstone Shelve Home Rule.

The Consent of the Irish Members Must be First Obtained, and That Will Not be Given.

[*Tribune Cable.*]

LONDON, July 24.—What will Mr. Gladstone do with a majority dependent on the votes of the Irish members? That is the question which all the political sections are now discussing.

English and Scotch Radicals have submitted some daring programmes and proposals for the consideration of the Liberal chief. It is in the kernel of them that a quarrel must be picked with the House of Lords so that even upon another appeal to the constituencies, which is universally admitted as probable at an early day, Home Rule, pure and simple, will not be the only issue laid before the electors.

How the quarrel shall be provoked is a matter of dispute among Mr. Gladstone's self-constituted advisers. Some, like Mr. Labouchere, would put Home Rule in a secondary place, or altogether on a back seat, and would raise the issue over registration, "one man, one vote," local option, or other plank of the Newcastle platform. It is feared that English electors will not march to the sound of the Home Rule drum alone. Others, like the Radical meeting at Sir William Harcourt's yesterday, so far realize Mr. Gladstone's personal earnestness about forcing Home Rule that they dare not suggest that it should be set aside in favor of anything else, but the other British measures of reform shall be run with it upon one of which a final quarrel with the Lords may be provoked.

The chief design of these Radicals, no doubt, is to prepare for the next election by enlarging the register, admitting more of the masses in their dealing with promised Home Rule for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone, however, cannot adopt this course with the Irish members. Their acquiescence is absolutely necessary.

MUST OBTAIN IRISH CONSENT.

Mr. Gladstone's promise about pressing forward Home Rule cannot be abandoned without Irish assent. In the early days of the recent election the Liberal leaders even indicated that the London programme must be wholly set aside for Home Rule. More recently he has talked about the necessary reviews on the whole situation, and two days ago actually spoke tenderly of the Liberal Unionists, as though they were not beyond the pale of his friendship if they gave him their votes. But the Irish members may not be content with this project. Certainly they do not care to see British reforms trotted forward in front while Home Rule is relegated to a secondary place.

The proposed quarrel of the English Radicals with the House of Lords may end in a Gladstonian victory at the next general election so complete that it will give him a majority independently of the Irish party, and the Home Rule bill which will then follow will be less after Irish desires than if modeled as matters now stand under influence of a controlling Irish vote.

The Radical vote today is largely Nonconformists. It is not enthusiastic toward the Irish priesthood, which would gladly prefer a Home Rule measure containing severe restrictions. Equally, on the other hand, Irish members are not eager to have the Home Rule dish seasoned by Nonconformist flavoring, which will certainly be the case if Mr. Gladstone's majority here after be independent of the Irish vote.

Hence, the tactics of the English Radicals in the last few days find no particular response among the Irish members. On the contrary, there seems to be a disposition among the Irish to stand aloof altogether and to demand that Mr. Gladstone proceed according to his pledges. The Irish certainly will not commit themselves till informed what Mr. Gladstone intends proposing and are much too cute politicians to allow themselves to be juggled by English and Scotch Radicals for the sake of British reforms.

FEELING AGAINST THE IRISH.

If these reforms increase the administration of the masses it does not follow that the masses will be the more sympathetic toward Ireland. In agricultural England the Irish are hated as competitors in the labor market. In towns the organized workingmen think more of the eight-hour question than of Home Rule. Moreover, the enthusiasm about Home Rule cannot be indefinitely maintained. The more the Gladstonians and Irish examine their position the more the difficulties that seem to present themselves will tax all the skill of the old parliamentary hand to utilize his majority.

That Mr. Gladstone fully realizes his troubles was evinced by this week's speech, abounding in courtesies towards the Liberal-Unionists. He apparently thinks that, as they do not have to keep their friends in office, they may become more liberal and may feel bound by self-interests and the safety of their own seats to support some of those English reforms which would command their sympathies if there was no question of Home Rule.

But in vain is the net spread. The Unionists cannot forget how much indebted they are for their seats to conservative voters or fail to recognize that their help in passing English reforms would only serve to make Mr. Gladstone's ultimate work easier in attacking legislative union. Further, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Gladstone himself has changed completely the party issues. It is no longer Liberal and Tory, but Unionist and non-Unionist. This was so recently enforced at the elections that the Liberal-Unionists are more amused than gratified at Mr. Gladstone's blandishments at Kirkmichael, and it will be no easy matter to detach their votes.

MR. GLADSTONE'S AGE.

Their hostility toward Mr. Gladstone will be uncompromising as ever. It will be their role to leave Mr. Gladstone at the mercy of his Irish allies and the Irish allies are not likely to do anything to weaken their present controlling influence. Mr. Gladstone's great age, his increasing years, the possible effects of the coming winter, and fatigues of office constitute another factor which the Irish cannot disregard. They have no confidence in Sir William Harcourt's capacity to carry Home Rule in the event of Mr. Gladstone's disappearance. Nor is there any disposition on their part to allow the Irish question to be relegated to a secondary place.

To permit the gerrymandering of the English constituencies might lead this great question in the hands of Mr. Gladstone's successor, who will be absolutely powerless to give it effect. It requires a Parnell's skill as well as a Gladstone's experience at the present juncture to secure the success of the Home Rule cause.

We enter a clearer atmosphere when discussing the probable course of early events at Westminster. You already know that Lord Salisbury has decided to meet parliament and take his dismissal by direct vote of the commons. Swearing the members and electing a speaker will occupy ten or twelve days. It will be the third week in August before they can reach Mr. Gladstone's motion of "No confidence." Even if the circumstances prevent him from getting all his supporters into the division lobby, it may be counted certain that he will secure a majority, and the end of the month will witness the retirement of Lord Salisbury's ministry.

FORMING THE CABINET.

Then will follow a period of cabinet making, in anticipation of which may already be observed some difficulty. The last few days witnessed a demand from an active group of Radicals. Most of the loaves of office will hardly be given to the old gang. There must be new blood, say these, on the front bench. Office must be offered to some Irish members, though it is doubtful whether they dare accept, though great efforts are being made to secure Mr. Blake, the late leader of the Canadian Liberals.

Mr. Gladstone is also being urged to strengthen the debating power among his immediate colleagues, if the men can be found to conduct the business in his absence. Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. Campbell Bannerman are poor aids to Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley. Sir Charles Dilke has already been discounted as impossible, and, if discarded, as he must be, he may prove a disagreeable, candid friend. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain will be assisted by Lord Randolph Churchill, who will inevitably come to the front again, and where are the brilliant combative debaters who can answer them? Not among the old official liberals.

Hence, Mr. Gladstone is being urged to overcome his reluctance to new men and see if fresh blood cannot be found somewhere. Mr. Labouchere may or may not take office, but at best he is not a debater. In truth, he may prefer to remain a free lance. The difficulties will be further aggravated if Mr. Gladstone yields to the advice of some of his friends and physicians, and takes a peerage to escape the burden of leadership, so that in this field of the ministerial situation the outlook is not encouraging.

Never had a statesman so great a task as now rests upon the giant shoulders of Mr. Gladstone. But he has so much confidence in his own powers that he is less careful than many of his friends, and this fact alone gives encouragement to his enthusiastic followers. So far as regards his personal health, Mr. Gladstone is positively better. He actually seems stronger than at the beginning of the campaign. Political warfare is as the very breath of his nostrils.

The splendid services rendered by Mr. Chamberlain in the Midlands have caused many Gladstonian Radicals to pause in their gibes and sneers which it was the fashion in years past to heap upon this man. The capture of Sir John Swinburne's seat was distinctly his work. Three or four other similar trophies may be set down to him. Yet, in fighting for Lord Salisbury's retention in office he has not made one single speech abandoning his old Radical opinions. There is some talk of recognizing these splendid services in some public fashion, but nothing has yet been decided. His defeat of Sir John Swinburne has a personal interest, for Sir John is the father-in-law of Mr. Chamberlain's brother, who was defeated at Ealing too. As Joseph could not keep Richard in the saddle he laid himself out, succeeding in unhorsing Richard's father-in-law.

AN IRISH STUDENT AT THE NANCY FETES.

The old town of Nancy, on the French frontier, was *en fete* last week in connection with the celebration held by the University, which M. Carnot, the President of the Republic, honored by his presence. The interest of Irishmen in the event would be small but that an Irishman played a not unimportant part in the proceedings. The universities represented on the occasion were those of Prague in Bohemia, Lausanne in Switzerland, Cambridge in England, Dublin in Ireland, and all the Universities of France itself. The delegates from Trinity College were Messrs. James Devine and R. L. Keegan. Cambridge sent three representatives. The five English speaking gentlemen arrived at Nancy on Saturday week last at midnight. They were received at the railway station by three or four hundred students of the Nancy University, principally with shouts of "*Vive l' Irelande*," and conducted with many tokens of enthusiastic welcome to their hotel. In passing it may be remarked that all the French students took it as a matter of course during the continuance of the fetes that Dublin University is intensely national, and treated its representatives accordingly. It may also be noted here that neither the men from Dublin nor those from Cambridge questioned the assumption. Next day (Sunday) there was a banquet at 10 a.m., at the Lycee, at which were present M. Levisse, the new academician who has just defeated M. Zola. The President of France, M. Carnot, arrived later, and in the evening there was a performance at the theatre, at which he was present, and during which the Dublin delegates were formally presented to him. On Monday there was what was known in France as a "Punch," in the students' club, at which were present M. Levisse, M. Mezieres, also an academician, and the Minister of Public Instruction, to whom the Irish delegates were presented, and who subsequently in his address to the under-graduates expressed his pleasure at seeing representatives from Ireland.

The Minister of Public Instruction was the first speaker on the occasion, and he was wildly applauded when, referring to the possibility of another war with Germany, he said they did not wish that such a war should take place, but that if it did they were prepared for it. The Senior Swiss delegate, representing the University of Lausanne, spoke next. Then the representatives of the University of Prague. The next speech was made by Mr. Devine on behalf of the delegates not alone from Dublin, but of those from Cambridge. Mr. Devine, who occupied this unique position on an unique occasion, is the eldest son of the late Thomas Devine, Surveyor General of Ontario, Canada, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee's dearest friend during his career in the Dominion. Mr. Devine is, as his father was, a staunch Nationalist.

When he arose to address the French students he was received with the very greatest warmth. He said he was impelled to rise and thank them for the hospitality which had been extended to the Irish and English delegates, and congratulated them on their magnificent celebrations. He assured them both on the part of the students of the University of Dublin and on that of the students of Cambridge, of their entire sympathy. Mr. Devine went on to say that he was desirous to recall to their minds the historic friendship between his country and theirs. Their soldiers and the soldiers of Ireland had fought more than once on the same battlefields, and shed their blood in the same noble cause.

The gentlemen who spoke for that noble people, the Czechs, had remarked that there were three races in Europe which had always striven for the true principles of humanity, the French, the Germans, and the Irish; and he was proud to reciprocate the sentiment. He concluded by proposing the health of the President of the Nancy students, and wishing prosperity to their noble town. Mr. Devine's noble speech was received with loud applause, and while he was in Nancy he was treated with the greatest friendship and courtesy. Indeed, though the delegates from Cambridge were received with a good deal of favor, their popularity with the students and the people of Nancy was not at all comparable with that of the representatives of Trinity; as an instance of which it may be noted that while the Englishmen were leaving the town they did not get any send off, the Irishmen on the day following were conducted to the railway station with every mark of sympathy and approval. Furthermore, it was quite a common thing for Mr. Devine and his friends from Dublin and Cambridge to be hailed in the streets of the town with cries of "*Vive l' Irlande!*" One of Mr. Devine's most notable experiences was his interview with M. Levisse, who expressed to him his profound sympathy with the Irish cause; and not less interesting was the enthusiasm of the Czech delegates from Prague in the cause of Home Rule, a measure similar to which they themselves are demanding from the government of Austria.—*United Ireland.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $30 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

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Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER VII.

"What was the quarrel?" "I never had time to ask. The children of peace, who made our quarrels, must be your worship's informants there," replies the soldier to his interlocutor in Sheridan's humorous drama. No doubt many a member of the Irish Brigade might have replied in similar terms; his business was not with the cause of the conflict, but with the conflict itself; it was not his province to examine into the nature of the dispute when the mandate of King Louis summoned him to the field of battle.

However, it may be well to preface this chapter with a brief notice of the causes that led to the fierce war of the Austrian Succession.

A powerful European potentate, the sixth Charles of Austria, dying without male posterity, his eldest daughter, the proud and heroic Maria Theresa (wife of Francis, Duke of Lorraine), had succeeded to his throne by virtue of an arrangement termed "the Pragmatic Sanction," which had been made prior to the emperor's death. But scarce had she assumed the reins of government when a united cry of objection arose from France, Prussia, Poland, Spain, and Sardinia, and several hostile armies invaded the imperial territory. Those of France, under the Marshals de Mallebois—with whom served a portion of the Irish Brigade—marched into Bohemia, and under French auspices the Elector of Bavaria was crowned emperor at Frankfort under the title of Charles the Seventh. But in this dire extremity the young empress-queen fled with her infant son to Pressburg, and there in the ancient castle the sabres of the brave and generous Hungarian magyars flashed around her as they thundered, "Vitam et sanguinem; moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa!" (Our lives and blood are at your service; we will die for our *king* Maria Theresa).

Then a desperate front was made to the invaders; the palatine of Hungary raised the red standard of fight; Pandours, Croats, Sclavonians, Tolpachs, in their fierce picturesque wargear, rushed to oppose the enemies of Austria; and a [illegible] and bitter struggle the combined forces of Lorraine, Lobcowitz, and of the famous Irish-Austrian commander, Count Brown, succeed in driving the French out of Bohemia. The unfortunate Charles VII was stripped of his dominions; some years afterwards he died—it was believed of heart-break—in his capital.

The French monarch now made overtures of peace, but Maria Theresa, intoxicated with success, haughtily refused them; her husband, the Prince of Lorraine, marched toward the Rhine with the intention of invading the dominions of King Louis.

And now a fresh enemy took the field against France, glad of the golden opportunity that seemed to offer of overwhelming and crushing her—her hereditary foe and bitter rival, England.

Anxious for the safety of his beloved petty electorate of Hanover, George II had got his British parliament to supply him with men and money for its protection, and landed an army of 16,000 strong in Belgium, under the Earl of Stair. This force lay inactive for more than a year, but at length it marched to Hochst on the Maine, where it was joined by King George and his son the "bloody Duke of Cumberland," by 16,000 Dutch under General Ilton, and by 12,000 Austrians under Marshal Neuperg; while further up the river, at Hanau, another force of 12,000 was waiting to join.

The union of this vast martial host with the dense battalions and squadrons of the Duke of Lorraine would be of deadly import to France; so to prevent such a dangerous junction the Duke de Noailles had been despatched with an army of 58,000 men.

Noailles laid his plans with the most consummate skill. Thrusting himself between the allied force and that of the Prince of Hesse, he took up a strong position along the Maine, commanding the various bridge passes of that river with his artillery, and constructing batteries and entrenchments at every advantageous point.

The marshal's stragetic measures were scarcely completed when the allies blundered right into the trap prepared for them. Marching along the bank of the stream in a desperate attempt to reach Hanau, they soon found themselves almost devoid of provisions and in serious danger of starving. The country in their rear afforded no supplies, the boatloads of bread sent for them from Hanau were captured by the French, and not a loaf found its way to the hungry stomachs of the army of "George the Elector"; their cavalry horses devoured 12,000 acres of green corn for subsistence, and in fine the extreme project was considered of killing those same horses for food. At the same time they were perpetually harassed by the French light troops, who cut off their foragers and outposts, and devastated the country about them.

Such was the state of affairs on the bright June morning (the 27th) that the array of the Brigade lined and crimsoned the banks of the Maine and Aschaff—that their bayonets twinkled on the small, quaint bridge of the little German town, and their expiring camp-fires sent up desultory wreaths of smoke here and there amid the groves and hedgerows.

Noailles designed the Irish to be "the *first* brigade to attack."

In company with two other brigades they were posted on the extreme right of the French position. Long ere the morning breeze had swept the mists out of the hollows of the Spessart Wald, and revealed the hills shaking out their dark manes of pine woods like an array of waking lions, they had been aroused from their slumbers to partake of a hasty breakfast. As the long, loud roll of the drums beating the generale, or "batterie du tambour," resounded along the banks of the river, many an impulsive Irish heart thrilled with the potent enthusiasm of war, many a staunch and stern resolve was made to "play a true man's part" in the terrible drama that was at hand.

They were drawn up in front of the bridge of Aschaffenburg, and were every minute in expectation of the order to cross that bridge and engage the enemy. To their left were some squadrons of King Louis' household cavalry, or Maison du Roi a Cheval, Mousquetaires Noirs and Gris, who hailed them with fraternal cries and cheers of salutation and encouragement.

"Vive la Brigade Irelandois! Bonne fortune, camarades! A bas les Anglais et les Autrichiens! Vive la bataille!"

The Irish on their part responded with similar cries, and thus, as one of their officers relates, several compliments passed between the two corps regarding "the mutual joy it caused in each of us to be supported by the other."

The Black and Grey Mousquetaires, as the two noblest bands of cavaliers in France were called from the color of their respective steeds, formed certainly a splendid corps of horsemen. They were recruited from the best and oldest families in France—to whose members the corps served as a school wherein to learn the grand art of war—were officered by princes of the blood royal, and had the king himself for their chief commander. Their coats were blue, richly laced with silver; their cloaks were blue also, and adorned before and behind with a white cross; their arms were sword, carbine, and pistols. A gallant and stirring sight they presented to the admiring eyes of the Irish, their magnificent steeds arching their proud necks and spurning the turf as if in impatience for the battle signal, the polished steel gorgets and breastplates of their officers glittering brilliantly in the sun, and the wind waving their white silken standards, each emblazoned with a thunderbolt, or bundle of zigzag arrows, embroidered in gold and silver.

O'Ronan was standing, spontoon in hand, on the flank of his company—which now, in the absence of Lally, who was away acting as aide-major-general to Marshal Noailles, was commanded by an officer named Glasscock. He gave a start of recognition as he surveyed the noble array of the Mousquetaires, for in the ranks of the black horse division he beheld the faces and forms of the Count de Perronne and his son Rene.

The sight made his thoughts fly back to the stately old Picardian chateau, to the woodbined kiosk in the garden; and the charming face of Eloise floated as in a dream before him. Unconsciously his hand strayed to his bosom, to the spot where lay the plait of hair that had supplanted that given him by Marion Bourke, and a mist came before his eyes as *her* face rose to his memory.

A burden of sad, tender memories, of seemingly vain regrets, weighed down his spirits for a time, but these he speedily shook off with an inward exclamation of impatience, almost of anger.

"Why should I be despondent?" he mentally exclaimed, striking the butt of his spontoon on the ground; "why give rein to useless thoughts? I am a soldier, and in another hour or two I may have done with the world and all that it contains."

Yet next instant he discarded the suggestion as an unworthy one. The kettledrums of the Mousquetaires, beating a lively French march, recalled him to himself; his spirits at once grew light and buoyant, his heart seemed to beat time to the gay music, and he joined in the cheer that rose from the ranks as Lord Clare and his staff came riding along the front of the line.

The brave commander of the Brigade was a man upwards of 40 years, of stalwart and well-knitted frame. He wore a steel corselet crossed by a white silken sash, his scarlet sleeve and large cuffs were shining with gold lace, and his hat, as those of his officers and men, was decorated with the White Cockade. One of his shoulders was rather lower than the other, from a contusion received thereon from the same cannonball that had killed his uncle, the Duke of Berwick, at the siege of Philipsburg. In the previous year he and his regiment, as also that of Buckley, had had a part in the Bohemian campaign, when he defended Linitz against the Count de Segur; on the capitulation of which place he and his men had agreed not to serve against Austria for a year, which year was now elapsed.

Riding with Lord Clare were his cousin, Count Edward Fitzjames (Berwick's son); his uncle, Lieut.-Gen. Francis Buckley (or De Bulkeley, as the name went in France), a hoary veteran who had fought at Almanza; the young Count Edward Rothe (of the family of the Rothes of Kilkenny); and Count Henry Dillon—respective commanders of the four Irish regiments brigaded with that of Clare.

Scarcely had the cheer died out on the air when loudly reverberating along the banks of the Maine came the reports of several cannon, and the white smoke of their discharge was seen rising over the hills to the left in the direction of Selingenstadt, down the river.

The sound caused much surprise and excited discussion among Lord Clare and his staff, and also among the Mousquetaires, while the men of the Brigade experienced a feeling approaching to consternation.

"Confound it! what can this mean?" Fergus heard Captain Glascock say to his brother officer, Fitzgerald, in tones of high dudgeon. "I thought we were to have the honor of opening the ball. We're cheated, Fitz; we are, by the beard of Fionn MacCool!"

"Hola, camarades!" exclaimed the voice of the Comte de Peronne, speaking to the Irish from his place in the ranks of the Mousquetaires, "is not this too bad! Monsieur l'Elector is treating us most unfairly in not making his advance in this direction. Tete bleu! we must make him pay for his want of courtesy."

Again the booming reports rang over the hills and woods that shut out the scene of combat from view. Clare rode impatiently forward to meet a mounted aide-de-camp who came dashing at full speed along the bank of the stream.

"The disposition of battle is changed," exclaimed the breathless messenger from Noailles; "the enemy is directing his attack on the left wing. The right wing is to maintain its ground—all save the Mousquetaires, who are to move at once to the centre."

The message occasioned much disappointment to the Brigade. The men gave the gallant cavaliers a parting cheer as the latter wheeled to the left and rode away towards the scene of conflict, while the deep roll of musketry was now occasionally mingled with the boom of the cannonade.

For some time longer—a very age it seemed—the Brigade, officers and men, stood idly fronting the bridge, listening to the sounds of strife growing fiercer and fiercer, and watching the battle-cloud growing denser over the hills.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Amhare Obann.

(An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn do chan.)

Do bhi me' baint coirce 'nde,
A's ag ceangailt na b-punann go diuth;
A's a mhuirnin! ba taithneamhach é
An la sin, o chonnaire mé thu.

Bhi an ghrian ag lasadh 'san spéir
Gan coinnlia dá lusagadh lé gaoith;
Bhi fuighleach an drúchta 'r a bh-feur,
Bhi an loch ann a chodladh 'na luidhe

Bhi an mhaidin go ciúin a's go geal,
Agus b'eudtrom, och! b'eudtrom mo chroidhe
Luthghaireach a's nerach lé seal,
Oir chonnaire mé, chonnaire mé, i.

Do chualdh si tharm mar sla,
Mar reult do ehrom si a ceann
A's bhi si an moimeud sin falaighth'
Air chúl an chloidhe aird do bhi ann.

Do bhi si mar bhaidin, breagh, seoil,
Go h-eudtrom ag si dmh leis an ngaoith,
Nior dhúbairt si aon fhocal acht ceol,
A's d'fhág si ag damhsa mo chroidhe.

Chuir si mo spiorad ag gáire,
A's d'fhág si ag rince mo chroidhe.
Mo shúile 'ca leanamhúint 's 'ga faire,
A's, a Dhia! go g-ceiltighidh tú i.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal*

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[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

Again Insulted.

The indignity put upon the American flag by the swash-bucklers of Montreal has been followed by another gross insult to the Stars and Stripes, upon which a correspondent comments as follows: "The recent disturbance at Wiarton, in which a minister's premises were invaded by a frantic mob calling themselves peace officers (?) will, I think, be condemned by all right thinking people. Placing the worst construction possible on the motive of those raising the Stars and Stripes, it can only be regarded as evidence of a desire that the American flag should share with our own beloved Union Jack the honor of a national holiday, for, according to the worthy reeve's report, the Union Jack was not less conspicuous than the Stars and Stripes. Fancy those men calling themselves constables acting like mad men, illegally entering upon a man's private domain, possessing themselves of and confiscating his property under the pretense that the 'country's honor had been insulted.' The whole proceedings from the beginning were reprehensible, ill advised and, to say the least, in very bad taste. Those men appeared to have completely lost their heads. They not only savagely tore down and trampled under foot the flag of a friendly people, but were most insolent in their conduct toward an honored minister of an honored church Commendable conduct this, truly, on the part of men sworn to maintain law and order. Peace officers forsooth. Verily they should hang their heads in shame."

If nobody but the wooden-heads who caused the mischief were held accountable for it, the circumstance would be undeserving of notice; but as the country's good name is more or less compromised by their insensate acts, becomes necessary to direct attention to them, and request that the authorities prevent their repetition. It would be unpleasant if called upon some fine morning to make humble apology for the affronts offered to the flag of our neighbors by the super-loyal, rag tag and bob tail in our midst; and to this it may come if the ardor of the American hating patriots is not cooled, as we hope it will, by a gentle hint from Bro. Bowell As Minister of Militia, we believe it his especial province to call the "boys" to order; and if he value the good will of Uncle Sam, he will do so with the least possible delay.—*Irish Canadian, July 21.*

On the Feast of St. Aloysius, the Sisters of St. Brigid, Abbeyleix, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of their convent. At 10:30 there was solemn mass, by benediction of the most holy sacrament and Te Deum. After the gospel of the mass, Rev J. Delany, the College, Carlow, in a touching address, gave the history of the Brigidine Congregation founded in Tullow in 1807 of its introduction to Abbeyleix by Rev T. Nolan, late venerated P. P., and of its past and present work there in the service of God and the people of the parish. Later on the friends of the community present were entertained by the convent children, whose literary and musical exercises gave evidence of cultured minds and careful training, surprising even those who had expected much. Looking back over the labors of fifty years, looking to the Australian branches of the house lately sent forth to bear fruit for their Divine Master and now flourishing in Ararat and Beechworth, looking to the past and to the present, the Sisters of St. Brigid, even while saying: "Not to us, O Lord! not to us, but to Thy name give glory," have many reasons for rejoicing in the fiftieth anniversary of their convent in Abbeyleix.—*Irish-Catholic.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:35 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m. St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 8:30 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest

Two Harvest Excursions.

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Aug. 30 and Sept. 27. On these dates the BURLINGTON ROUTE will sell tickets from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis to the farming districts of Nebraska, Colorado and Northern Kansas. Half rates will apply, and tickets will be good for twenty days. Nebraska in one year produced three hundred million bushels of corn, besides other grain, fruit and live stock. Write for free pamphlets, maps, etc., to P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Katie Teresa Mangan, in religion Sister Mary of Good Counsel, second daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Nolan Mangan, Tarbet, county Kerry, made her final vows as a religious of the Good Shepherd Order, on June 27, at the Good Shepherd Convent, Angers, France.

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It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and the only *guaranteed* remedy for the ills and ailments that beset a woman. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

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TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, THE CITIZEN entered upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

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1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

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TRIED TO KILL FRICK.

The Chairman of the Carnegie Company Wounded.

THREE BIG BULLETS IN HIS BODY.

The Shots Fired by a Young Russian—Great Excitement in the City When the Affair Became Known—The Homestead Mills Still in Operation by Non-Union Men, Whose Numbers Are Constantly Increasing.

PITTSBURG, July 23.—Chairman H. C. Frick of the Carnegie company was shot three times in his office Saturday afternoon by a young man. Three shots were fired. All took effect, one in the neck and two in the back near the right side just above the hip. His assailant was badly

H. C. FRICK.

used up, and it is evident that a hard fight occurred. The man was placed under arrest and is now in the Central police station. He is young, smooth-faced, tall, slender. His name has not yet been ascertained. One of the clerks in Mr. Frick's office says that Mr. Frick is very badly shot, but it cannot now be ascertained whether the injuries are necessarily fatal.

Great Excitement Caused.

The man who shot Mr. Frick refuses to give his name. He is a Russian about 21 years old, 5 ft. 6 in. high. He has been in this country about six years and in this city two days. The last place he worked was in the Singer Sewing Machine works in New York. The revolver used was a 38 calibre.

Another man was arrested on Fifth avenue as an accomplice of the assailant of Mr. Frick. The city was a fever of excitement never before known. The entire block in which are located the Carnegie Steel company's general offices was crowded with excited citizens. The news spread like wildfire and thousands of people hurried to the center of the city from its different sections.

DETAILS OF THE AFFAIR.

Story of the Murderous Assault on Chairman Frick.

PITTSBURG, July 23.—Henry C. Frick, the head chief and practically the absolute dictator of the great Carnegie iron and steel enterprise, the controller of the coke industries of the western part of the state and the possessor of a fortune variously estimated at from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, was shot and perhaps fatally wounded a few seconds before 1:45 o'clock Saturday afternoon in his private office on the sixth floor of the Chronicle-Telegraph building on Fifth avenue. A moment before the tragedy a slim, dark-complected young man, neatly dressed in light clothing, entered the elevator car on the first floor and requested to be let out at the office of the chairman of the company. When he left the car the stranger proceeded across the hall and entered Mr. Frick's outer office and requested the usher to take him to Mr. Frick.

A Scuffle and Shot.

The boy having recognized his visitor as a man who called Friday and was refused an audience complied, and immediately thereafter Mr. Frick's voice was heard in the outside office saying let him come in. The man stepped quickly through the glass door into the private office. What brief conversation passed between the two men is not now known, but it was hardly more than a minute before there was a noise like a scuffle and then a shot rang out upon the air. Before the startled clerks in the other offices could rush to the scene there were three more shots. The first man to enter the room found Mr. Frick hanging on to his assailant, while blood was steaming from his wounds. At the sight of the clerk the assassin shook himself loose from his victim and dashed out of the door, but instead of taking to the stairs, made a bound into the elevator car which was standing there with the door open at the time.

Arrest of the Assassin.

The elevator man had sufficient presence of mind to hold him in the cab until the arrival of Officers McRoberts and Chosein, who placed him under arrest. In the meanwhile an immense crowd had began to gather in the streets, and when the officers appeared with their prisoner, who was pale and trembling, and with his clothing spattered with blood, there were hundreds of groans and howls, intermingled with cries of "Shoot him."

"Lynch the murderer."

It was with difficulty that the officers succeeded in conveying the man in safety to the patrol box at the corner of Wood street and Fifth avenue, from which the patrol wagon was summoned. He was roughly pushed into the vehicle and taken to Central station, where he gave the name of Alexander Berkman, and said that he resided on Forty-second street, New York. He was, he said, a Russian Jew; had been in America six years and in Pittsburg two days. He has been stopping at the Merchants' hotel on Water street. When questioned regarding his occupation he said he had been a composition on a New York paper, but declined to give his name.

Upon being searched, a number of thirty-eight calibre cartridges were found in his coat pocket. During the process of searching he became wildly excited and deathly pale. It was the general impression of all who saw him at this juncture that he was undoubtedly demented. Before being locked up he was asked if he knew Mr. Frick and replied in the affirmative. "Why did you shoot him?" was asked, and with a half hysterical gurgle he replied:

"I guess you know that."

Immediately after the tragedy, doors leading from the Carnegie office building were closely guarded, and admittance was denied to everybody—no matter what the nature of their business. Inside the building the confused murmur of the crowds upon the street were plainly heard. In the meantime, all the physicians in the immediate neighborhood had been summoned and, with Dr. Litchfield, an eminent practitioner, at their head, proceeded to administer to the wounded man, who, although weak from the loss of blood and suffering great pain, still retained consciousness.

Was Also Stabbed.

He was lying on a couch when the doctors arrived, and the first report that came out, which was evidently based on the superficial examination, was to the effect that four shots had taken effect, that one had penetrated the bowels, and another had entered the chords in the back of his neck. Later the semi-official statement came that three shots had taken effect, one in the ear, another in the neck and a third in the back. The unfortunate man had also received a serious gash in the back from a sharp knife. It was decided that the patient could not be immediately removed to his residence except at the risk of his life, and for two hours thereafter the physicians exerted themselves alleviating his sufferings by all kinds of methods and by all appliances medical science. The excitement in the city grew every minute and no such fever has been experienced since the riots of 1877. Business men left their stores and mingled with the surging crowd of people, and business in the central portion of the city for the time being was practically suspended.

Had Dynamite in His Mouth.

Dr. Murdock, who left Mr. Frick at 3:50, said that two bullets had been extracted. One bullet had pass clear through the left side. He did not consider the wounds fatal, but would not allow the wounded man to be removed from the office. The police discovered in the would-be assassin's mouth two small dynamite cartridges similar to those with which the anarchist Lingg blew his face to pieces while awaiting execution in the county jail in Chicago. He was noticed to be nervously chewing while in the elevator after the shooting. An expert who has examined the cartridges says that they failed to act on account of some slight defect.

Latest Condition of Mr. Frick.

PITTSBURG, July 25.—Chairman Henry C. Frick of the Carnegie company did not come down to his office Monday morning as he jokingly assured his associates that he would when he was carried to the ambulance on Saturday night. Nor is it probable that he will be seen at at his desk for many months to come. Reports from his residence are to the effect that he passed a restful night, despite the closeness of the atmosphere. His extraordinary vitality was strikingly demonstrated Sunday, for although it was the hottest day that Pittsburg has experienced in nearly ten years, his wounds gave him apparently little trouble while mentally he was bright and active. His wounds were examined and dressed Monday morning, but there was not the faintest traces of blood poisoning or of any greater amount of inflammation than would be expected under the circumstances, and results of the examination were decidedly encouraging both to his surgeons and their patient.

Situation at Homestead.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 25.—The Carnegie steel works were operated as usual Saturday by non-union men, whose numbers are gradually increasing. Three Delaware, Lackawanna and Western passenger coaches are reported to have been run into the works Friday night over the tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad and a number of men are said to have debarked. There is now no doubt of the truth of the statement that the Carnegies have had hundreds of applications for positions in the Homestead mills from non-union men. These workers are being sent to the mills in small batches of from ten to fifty, and as the number increases, more fires are lighted and new work started. The greatest fear that confronts the company in the operation of their plant, with the exception of possible damage to the mills by the strikers, is that members of the Amalgamated association may secure employment as steel workers or mechanics and endeavor to cause dissention among the non-union men and retard the progress the company is making in operating the works.

O'Donnell Released on Bail.

PITTSBURG, July 25.—Hugh O'Donnell was admitted to bail Monday in the sum of $10,000 The action of Judge Magee in admitting O'Donnell to bail was just what had been anticipated by those who heard the evidence adduced by the prosecution on Saturday. The court reviewed this evidence at length, cited the law on the question and announced as his conclusion that no case of murder in the first degree could be made out against the prisoner. It was apparent, he said, that O'Donnell was not an actual participant in the action. He hoped, however, that when the defendant came to trial he would be able to show that he was in no wise guilty of participation in an affray that had resulted in the loss of so many lives. It was the court's imperative duty to admit the defendant to bail and that bail would be fixed at $10,000. The decision was received with a buzz of satisfaction from the crowded courtroom.

Michigan Republican Ticket.

SAGINAW, July 22.—Following is the full ticket nominated by the Republican convention: Governor, John T. Rich, of Elba; lieutenant governor, J. Wright Giddings, of Cadillac; secretary of state, John W. Jochim, of Marquette; treasurer, John C. Hambitzer, of Hancock; auditor, General Stanley W. Turner, of Roscommon county; attorney general, Garrett J. Dickema, Ottawa county; commissioner of general land office Senator John G. Barry, of Otsego county; superintendent of public instruction, H. R. Pettengill, of Ingham county; member of the board of public instruction, Professor E. A. Wilson, of Pawpaw.

Prostrated by Heat.

NEW YORK, July 25.—There were three prostrations from the heat reported to the police up to 2 o'clock Monday. They were Thomas Clark, aged 18, of Chicago, removed to Chambers Street hospital; Frank Casement, aged 38, of Woodside, L. I., removed to Chambers Street hospital; George Kurtz, aged 52.

CHICAGO, July 25.—Five persons were killed by the heat in this city Monday.

Shiras' Nomination.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The senate judiciary committee Monday could not reach an agreement on the nomination of Judge Shiras as associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, and decided to report the nomination to the senate without recommendation.

DEVASTATED BY FLAMES

Heavy Loss Caused by Fire in Bay City, Mich.

THREE LIVES LOST SO FAR AS KNOWN

The Fire Originates in a Lumber Pile, and Assisted by a Gale of Wind, Destroys Thirty-Six Blocks of Building: Before It Is Extinguished—Millions of Feet of Lumber Reduced to Ashes—Some of the Heaviest Losses.

BAY CITY, Mich., July 26.—The most disastrous fire that ever visited Bay City broke out at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon in the lumber piles south of Miller & Turner's mill at the foot of Thirty-first street, and raged for five hours almost unchecked. Over thirty-six blocks of the city were completely destroyed, entailing a loss of $1,000,000, leaving 300 families homeless, and, it is feared, causing the loss of several lives. One woman is known to be dead at this time. The dead, so far as known: Mrs. Frank Mason and her two children, burned. The flames spread with frightful rapidity, and a general alarm was rung in at 2:05. The wind was blowing a gale from the southwest, and under its influence the fire went through dry frame structures like a whirlwind. In some instances the flames would leap over three or four buildings and catch on the roof of a house and then burn backward, destroying all intervening residences. It swept across the street in a twinkling, and the clouds of dust seemed to aid in its spread.

The Flames Checked Somewhat.

It was thought by Chief Harding that the flames could be checked in Tremont avenue, but an attempt in this direction proved that it was useless to imperil the lives of the firemen, so the chief removed his line of attack to Twenty-ninth street, and so well directed were the movements of the attacking force that a check was made here. Huge lumber piles to the north of the mill were by this time adding fresh fuel to the flames and fire spread steadily north on Water street. On the west side of the street the fire held undisputed sway and continued its destructive course until a pile of shingles to the south of Cousins & Co.'s mill was reached. Here a fireboat was stationed and with the streams from the West Bay City and Saginaw steamers the fire was stopped.

Spread Rapidly Eastward.

While a portion of the fighting force was working on the north side of the burning territory the fire was making rapid strides in an easterly and southerly course. It soon became apparent that the fire would burn directly through to the eastern city limits, while it was evident that superhuman efforts must be directed towards its extinguishment in the southern direction. The men along the extreme southern edge were making strenuous efforts to check the fire, but were forced to retreat time and time again, until at last they checked it at Thirty-fourth street. The flames were not checked in their eastern travels until they reached the tenth block back from the river, and for a large portion of this distance everything for a width of four blocks was destroyed. Along the river front the flames extended a distance of six blocks, sweeping away mills and lumber with great rapidity.

Millions of Feet of Lumber Burned.

It is estimated that at least fifteen million feet of lumber has been burned, two churches, twenty-five or thirty stores and contents, and between four hundred and five hundred homes are in ruins. The wind carried the fire with such great rapidity that few people saved household goods and many of those who did remove their effects failed to take them beyond the reach of the flames. Although relief committee and city officials have been at work among the sufferers, many were obliged to camp for the night on the common surrounding the burned district. Citizens have organized for the aid of the sufferers and it is thought that all will be housed. All is confusion at this writing, nearly every one of the business men who suffered having lost houses as well as stock in trade.

Thirty-Six Blocks in Ashes.

The territory between Twenty-ninth and Thirty-second streets for nine blocks from the river front is in ashes. This includes Fremont avenue and Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets, or thirty-six blocks in all. All this territory was thickly built up with wooden buildings, mostly the homes of the employes in the mills and factories in this vicinity. Besides the lumber mill property and business places destroyed on Water street, it is estimated that fully 300 dwellings are burned and that 1,000 people are homeless. Help was obtained from Saginaw, Flint and Detroit, the Detroit train bringing an engine and hose-cart from that city, 114 miles, in two hours and five minutes. The scenes during the progress of the fire were most exciting. People were panic-stricken. The fire spread so rapidly that but few were able to save any of their household effects and it is feared many lives are lost, but as far as can be learned Mrs. Frank Mason and her two children are the only ones who have perished. She went into the house to get her children and in an incredibly short time the building was in flames. They were not seen to come out.

Some of the Heavy Losses.

Some of the heaviest losers are E. Reynolds, shoe store, $2,000; G. C. Beebe, drugs, $2,500; Gardner & Laird, furniture and stoves, $8,000; Stover & Larkin, hardware, $12,000; Miller & Turner, mill and lumber, $150,000; Miller's lumber yard, $25,000; Briske & Forcia, general store, $15,000; A. B. Gould, hotel and five houses, $7,000. There are hundreds of losses unobtainable which will amount to from $300 to $5,000 apiece. The loss to Miller & Turner will probably be $150,000, which is covered by insurance. The common council met and took action toward the immediate relief of the 300 homeless families. Another fire this afternoon burned two drill houses at the Pitts & Carnages mill. Loss $3,000; insured. The entire loss will reach upwards of $1,000,000, but it is impossible to learn the extent to which different parties are insured.

Left Home and Drowned Herself.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 26.—A row boat containing six young men struck an object that was floating about a foot below the surface of the water just after noon Sunday and on investigation found it was the body of Mamie Burkhardt, who secretly left home early Saturday morning. The body was taken ashore and identified. It was a case of suicide for some unknown cause.

DESTRUCTIVE CLOUDBURST.

Lightning Works Havoc at Wheeling, W. Va.—Two Families Perish.

WHEELING, July 26.—A fearful electrical storm passed over this section Monday at midnight, accompanied by a cloudburst, causing destruction to life and property. Already the death list numbers ten. In this city and immediate vicinity lightning struck in fifteen different places and eight dwelling houses and other buildings were destroyed. Six fires were in progress at one time. The Methodist church at New Martinsville was burned to the ground. The house of John Lucas, near Moundsville, was struck and Miss Rena Lucas and her mother were fatally injured.

A Whole Family Swept Away.

John Doty, a farmer, living with his wife and three children on Fish creek, was celebrating his wedding anniversary and his father and mother were visiting him. Fifteen minutes after the storm struck Doty's house was surrounded by water. The building was swept away and not one of the nine occupants escaped. Doty's body was washed fifteen miles in away. Reports have just reached here of the drowning of another family in the same vicinity. The property loss will be enormous.

SWEPT BY A HURRICANE.

Seven Men Caught in a Wrecked Building and Wounded.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26.—A hurricane swept over Port Richard Monday. The Philadelphia and Reading car repair shops, a square in length, were demolished and a number of workmen were injured. One hundred and twenty-five men were employed at the plant and the majority escaped injury by crawling under freight cars. The frame structure was crushed in as though it had been an egg shell.

Names of the Unfortunates.

The injured are: Thomas Ascough, arm and knee hurt; Thomas Connors, crushed by a falling timber; James Ellis, head hurt; Matthew Matthews; William Richardson, head and leg hurt; Frank Steinberger, arm cut; unknown man, severely hurt.

Other Damage Done.

Numerous houses in Port Richmond were unroofed and trees were uprooted. The Roman Catholic church of the Nativity on Allegheny avenue and Belgrade street was unroofed and P. E. church of the Messiah, Huntingdon and Thompson streets, was badly damaged.

CRUISER NO. 12 LAUNCHED.

She is Christened the "Columbia"—A Great Commerce Destroyer.

PHILADELPH July 26.—The United States cruiser No. 12 was launched at Cramps' shipyard Tuesday afternoon in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. Among those present besides a number of naval experts, senators and representatives and agents of foreign countries, were Vice President Morton, Secretary Tracy, Assistant Secretary of State Grinnell, Senator Hiscock, Commodore Wilson and Naval Constructors Bowles and Woodward, Mrs. Morton and Miss Edith Morton.

Named "Columbia."

The last named young lady performed in a graceful manner the act of christening the new vessel "Columbia." The cruiser is in many respects a unique vessel and is the fastest commerce destroyer ever launched in any waters, and for the purpose intended the most effective engine of destruction the world ever saw. She is 400 feet long, has a speed of twenty-one knots, is made entirely of American material and cost $2,725,000.

Ingalls Journeying in Europe.

BERLIN, July 26—Ex-Senator Ingalls of Kansas, who has just paid a prolonged visit to Berlin, started a few days ago for Vienna via Dresden. Before his departure he told the United Press correspondent that his journey was undertaken for two purposes, recreation and the study of the economic and political conditions of Europe. He intends to take the stump early in September, and wishes to be well equipped on the important issue of the campaign—protection—not only as it affects the mercantile communities of the east, but also as to its bearings upon the condition of the American farmer.

For a Democratic Literary Bureau.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—A proposition has been made to the Democratic national committee to establish for this campaign a literary bureau, with Representative Amos Cummings at its head. Should the plan as proposed be carried out, Mr. Cummings will be made a member of the executive committee so that he will be thoroughly conversant with the details of the campaign, and it is expected that his continued journalistic and political instinct will enable him to furnish a large amount of good Democratic material disguised in a newsy, readable way.

Iron Strike at West Superior.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., July 26.—The steel workers of the West Superior Iron and Steel company, of this city, publicly announced yesterday that they were out on a strike. There are about 250 of them in all. The mills have been closed down for repairs, so the announcement will not cripple the company as badly as it otherwise would have done. The manager says the mills will never be union, and will not recognize the A. A. I. S. W. The men say that non-union men shall not work in the mills.

Irate Street Car Passengers.

ST. LOUIS, July 26.—Monday night one of the street cars on the turnpike at Belleville, Ill, broke down under the weight of a dozen passengers. The passengers had paid their fare and determined to get even with the company. They overturned the car in the ditch and the coal oil lamp upsetting the car was soon in flames. As the crowd of people prevented the employes of the road from extinguishing the fire, the timely arrival of a squad of police saved the car from total destruction.

Frick's Condition.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 26.—Secretary Lovejoy has just sent the following bulletin to the United Press: "Our 10 o'clock advices from Mr. Frick's residence were to the effect that he had passed a decidedly comfortable night, in spite of the extreme heat, and that no dangerous symptoms have developed."

People's Party in Convention.

ELLENSBURG, Wash., July 26.—People's party in state convention Tuesday nominated presidential electors. Resolutions were adopted extending sympathy to the men locked out at Homestead and to the Coeur d' Alene mines.

BRIEF INFORMATION.

Events of a Week Condensed for the Busy Reader.

The Colorado People's party convention will meet in Denver July 27. The State Silver league will meet the day before.

The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff of New York had a stroke of paralysis last week, affecting his right side. He is doing well, however.

Henry Garrett and his wife, who are charged with murdering a man in Clay county, Ala., six months ago, have been arrested in Yukeen, O. T.

The investigation of the accounts of John G. Herzog, the defaulting Ashland, O., county sheriff, who is confined in his own jail, develops that the shortage will amount to about $8,000.

Michael Lucas of Ashland, Wis., was accidentally, and it is thought fatally, shot, by his own rifle, which lay cocked in the bottom of his boat and was discharged by the jar of a collision with a log in the Chippewa river.

Joseph McDonald, a farmer living at Celina, O., was killed by falling from a wagon on a pitchfork.

Meyers Bros. & Co., limited, Canal street clothiers, New Orleans, have failed. Assets, $50,000; liabilities, $40,000.

The Missouri river has begun to fall at Lexington, Mo., greatly relieving the minds of owners of farms in the bottoms.

Burglars broke into C. R. Wallace's drug store in Independence, Ia., and stole valuable papers and $150.

Harry Lanagan and George Carter, two boys, are in jail at Peru, Ind., for robbing the house of William R. Bish of jewelry and notes valued at $350.

Edward Ennerst, a farmer of Crawfordsville, Ind., was fatally injurned by the kick of a horse.

E. E. Handley of Perry, Ia., was killed by a runaway team.

Travis Goller, a farmer of Pleasant township, Ind., died from lockjaw, the result of being struck in the abdomen by a plowhandle.

Edward G. Prosser and his wife of Dixon, Ills., were thrown in Rock river while running a trotline. Prosser was drowned but his wife was rescued.

Lester Gale and W. E. Turner, cashier and bookkeeper of the City Savings bank of Nashville, Tenn., who decamped three weeks ago with $12,000 of the bank's funds, have been arrested in Mexico.

St. Louis will have over six miles of illuminated streets during the autumnal festivities. There will not be less than fifty arches and over 75,000 electric lights and gasjects in each night's display.

All the section men on the main line of the Wabash road have struck for an increase in wages from $1.10 to $1.15. The strike includes all the trackmen from Andrews, Ind., to Catlin, Ills.

* * *

The grand lodge of the German Benevolent Order of the Trebund of Iowa and Nebraska is holding its semi-annual session at Council Bluffs. Delegates are present from a dozen or more cities who represent subordinate lodges.

An unknown man hanged himself near Freeburg, Ills.

Henry Teurpfiel of Manitowoc, Wis., was drowned in Sturgeon lake.

The body of Edward Prosser, who was drowned at Dixon, Ills., in Rock river last Sunday night, has been found about fifty feet below where it was last seen in the water.

The Des Moines, Ia., Typographical union has ordered out its members employed in a number of commercial printing establishment.

Colonel Abel S. Ewing, deputy warden of the Indiana prison south at Jeffersonville has resigned to take effect July 31. He will ce succeeded by John S. Howard.

It rained frogs in Pleasant township near Valparaiso, Ind., the ground being covered with them in some places.

The sheriff of Pulaski county, Ind., has arrested Lioner Sonties, James Meetcliffe, and Lou Harlan and placed them in jail charged with having counterfeit money in their possession and stealing a canoe from Dr. Chittenden.

Supervisors of Monroe county, N. Y., acting under the advice of William A. Sutherland, member of the Republican national committee, refused to obey the law adopted by the Democratic legislature directing a reapportionment of assembly districts.

A special train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road ran into a siding at Creston, Ia. Six cars and the engine were wrecked. A brakeman was hurt.

Democratic national committeemen are gathering in New York to attend a meeting to talk campaign and incidentally meet the standard bearers. Harrity is still leading for chairman.

* * *

Joseph Pulitzer contributes $5,000 to the New York Press club's charity fund for aged or needy newspaper writers.

T. J. Southard, now in his 85th year, is the oldest living shipbuilder of Maine. He lives in Richmond and has built over 100 vessels.

John Nestterode of Bowen, Ills., was placed in jail for attempting to kill his stepsister.

Telegraphic reports from all parts of Manitoba state that the crops are in magnificent condition, not a single drawback being reported.

Edward T. Nolands, ex-treasurer of Missouri, has decided to surrender himself to serve his two years' sentence for embezzlement.

At Okarchie, O. T., lot jumpers have taken possession of the claims of all non-residents. The town site has been proved up and if no improvements are made in thirty days contests will be entered.

While a thrashing outfit was at work on the farm of Joseph Rice, near Morenci, Mich., the engine boiler exploded, fatally scalding Frank Whaley.

O. L. Robbins of Muncie, Ind., was struck by a train on the Lake Erie and Western road and killed.

A contract has been signed for the location at Elgin of the Griffith Silver Plate company. The company will employ a large force of men.

Eighty thousand of the 100,000 inhabitants of Baku, Russia, have fled from the cholera-stricken city.

A council of the British cabinet has been called for July 27 to decide on the action of the government when parliament meets.

Allerton and Delmarch have been matched to compete for a purse of $10,000 offered by the Fargo, N. D., Turf club. The race will take place some time in September.

The largest return of jewelry made to the tax assessor by any private citizen of Atlanta is that of a negro. The books of the Atlanta tax receivers show a phenomenal increase in the wealth of negroes residing in that city.

Republicans of the Eleventh district of Iowa renominated George D. Perkins for congress by acclamation. The convention was only in session thirty-eight minutes.

Brakeman Peter Weish of Port Dalhousie has died from injuries received in the Merillton wreck.

* * *

The police at Madison, Ind., raided Bud Chandler's house and recovered a lot of stolen goods.

Wednesday's cyclone did great damage in the village of Gettysburg, S. D., the loss being estimated at $100,000.

Reports from manufacturers show the pig iron production for the year ended June 30 to have been 9,710,819 gross tons, an increase of 508,116 gross tons over 1890.

William H. Young, who stabbed his wife at Elkhart, Ind., and was supposed to have drowned himself, has been captured at Mattville, Mich. He says he was jealous.

Milwaukee's ex-librarian is now charged with having defrauded the government out of customs duties on books he imported for sale to private parties.

Swindlers have been operating for several days in Ohio and Indiana towns, their methods being to present letters of recommendation and then ask to have a check or draft cashed.

New York city millers have effected a combine, the capitalization of the new organization being fixed at $7,500,000.

Christ & Monk's general store at Winamac, Ind., was robbed of $2,600 worth of goods. The thieves stole a team and wagon with which to carry the booty away.

Judge Allen of the United States circuit court at Springfield has made an order to sell the entire plant of the Kentucky Wheel Stock company at Eldorado to satisfy a judgment obtained in Indiana.

Consul Burchard of Honduras asks that a man-of-war be sent there pending the threatened revolution, but Secretary Foster does not think the occasion demands it.

Bernard Ruger of Williamsburg, N. Y., made an unsuccessful attempt to shoot his wife and then sent a bullet through his own head.

Gladstone is negotiating with the anti-Parnellite members to obtain from them a positive assurance that they will support him in a "no confidence" amendment to the speech from the throne.

Mrs. Barbara Z. Wahlen, 82 years old wandered away from her home in Kratzville, Ind., and was found dead in a cornfield near the house.

Solon Hardy, residing two miles from Nabbs station, Clark county, Ind., dropped dead in his doorway. He was a prosperous farmer.

* * *

Belle Hamlin and Globe trotted a mile at Detroit in 2:13, lowering the team record a quarter of a second.

The German ministry of the interior has issued orders to the frontier guards to maintain constant vigilance in order to prevent the entry into Germany of Russian Jews.

Colonel Carr of the Sixth cavalry, who has just been given the two stars of the brigadier, has worn them once before. He got them at Pea Ridge, where, three times hit, he held a vital position for seven hours.

Dr. Aaron D. Chapin, first president of Beloit college, having occupied that position from its foundation in 1850 until 1856, died after a brief and painless illness.

The executive committee of the southern Illinois soldiers has selected Belleville and Oct. 5, 6, and 7 as the place and time for holding the next reunion.

The recent rains in the winter wheat section have interfered somewhat with threshing, and the new wheat coming into southern markets is damp.

August Roswell, an employ of the Berlin Machine company of Beloit, Wis., was crushed to death while at work.

Canada has about doubled its railway mileage in ten years.

The French Dahomey expedition will start from Kotonou for the interior in September. No rain has fallen in Dahomey since July 1, and it is expected that the climatic conditions for the expedition will be excellent.

The presence of the Harrisons at Loon Lake has precipitated a rush to that resort from New York and Washington.

Duke Charles of Bavaria has been made an M. D. by the University of Dublin for his skill as an eye and ear doctor.

Otis Bailey of Tower Hill attempted to board a freight train at Pana, Ills., on the Big Four road, and fell under the wheels and was killed.

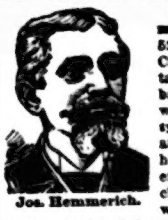
Professor Koch of Berlin is seriously ill, it is reported, and forbidden to labor for a long period. It is thought the bacillus of overwork has done the mischief.

Christ & Monk's general store at Winamac, Ind., was robbed of $2,600 worth of goods. The thieves stole a team and wagon with which to carry the booty away.

* * *

The New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad is fitting up a double track seventy-four miles in length between New York city and New Haven for the use of electricity as a motive power.

A Veteran's Story



Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with **typhoid fever,** and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with **Consumption.** Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and **tonic medicine,** especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. **T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.**

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 30, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"On Change."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Miss Helyett."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Jane."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

MEDITATED TREACHERY OF THE WHIGS.

Just as Mr. Parnell anticipated, a certain section of the blue livered English radicals, now that they are in power, by virtue of Irish, Welsh and Scottish votes, want to "shelve" the Home Rule bill in favor of local British reforms. If Mr Gladstone were ten or twenty years younger, THE CITIZEN greatly fears that he might be tempted to yield the demands of these rascally pledge-breakers, but, as matters stand, he is too old—death may summon him at any moment—and his fame and his genius are too great to be made a sacrifice on the base altar of ruffianly English intrigues. He cannot, for his own sake, go back upon the solemn words he spoke, in 1886, and repeated in Scotland only the other day. A full report of the latter speech will be found in the news columns of this issue of THE CITIZEN. Those who read can judge for themselves what kind of a position Mr. Gladstone would occupy in public estimation if he were to listen to the voice of the tempter. British bad faith has done more to alienate the Irish than all the battles fought and the blood shed in the long war between the two races. Bad faith has been England's chief crime in Ireland from the landing of Strongbow, down to the latest proposition of the British radical political strumpets. They are worse than the Tories, because nothing is to be expected from the latter but traditional English policy. Leaving out Gladstone and Morley, they are liars all—incurable knaves and liars—and, if the Home Rule bill should pass, Ireland may thank herself, the Welsh and the Scotch for her liberation—not the English, whose shameful majority against Gladstone is the best testimony of the greed, fraud, jealousy and hatred which have distinguished them in their policy toward Ireland since A D. 1169.

Even Ireland's steady Home Rule friend, the Chicago *Tribune*, has been taken in by these canting scoundrels, and now calmly advises the Irish to postpone Home Rule until the "one man one vote" reform is carried by the new parliament. After that, if there should be an appeal to the country, the Radical Liberals hope to return to power with a majority independent of Ireland, Gladstone might be in his grave, and there would be an end of Home Rule. THE CITIZEN thanks both sections of the Irish party for refraining from committing themselves to any English party until Gladstone has developed his Home Rule plan, and the faith of the English Radicals is tested by their votes.

But Mr. Harold Frederic, who corresponds from London for the Chicago *Tribune*, takes a more hopeful view of the situation. In a letter, under date of July 23, he says:

"Just now it is the Tories' cue to prophesy wild and hopeless confusion inside Gladstone's ranks over the question of priority of Home Rule among Liberal measures. They find, instead, a deadly unanimity upon the importance of bunching as many smashing blows as possible straight at the head of Toryism and the classes. I discover this feeling dominant among all members of the new house, British and Irish alike, to whom I have talked since the elections. By a fortnight hence, when the house meets, it will be the controlling impulse of the whole majority, and such fragmentary sections as the Parnellite or the Labor party, even if they desired to resist, will be swept along in the current of anti-class enthusiasm. Let no one suppose that this means the postponement of Home Rule or a short session. Elections now involve such prodigious personal expense that neither side desires to hasten another dissolution. Probably by the time the next election comes the commons will have passed a bill putting these expenses on the public purse. This will be only one of the many measures similarly radical which will be sent up for the lords to throw out. Some of them, like Home Rule, abolition of plural voting, and taxation of ground rents, will be sent up more than once, until the onus of the wholesale blocking of popular will has been fastened on the lords with all possible completeness. Then the greatest battle of English political history will come, with the wiping out of hereditary legislators added to other burning issues."

Mr. Frederic is on the ground, and, of course, sees the situation more clearly than we do, but there is no concealing the fact that a good sized section of Gladstone's English Radical supporters would send Home Rule to the devil if they dared, and Irishmen cannot be too thankful that, at present, Ireland holds the controlling vote. One treacherous movement on the part of the English Liberals in the new parliament, would hurl them from power, because, were Ireland's eighty votes cast against them, they would be placed in a minority so hopeless that they would become the bye-word of Christendom. Let us be thankful, therefore, that Ireland has the whip hand in the present struggle.

THE ENGLISH TORY BABOONS.

Mr. Harold Frederic, the famous correspondent, is an American, and, of course, is disgusted with English Toryism. Writing of the English Tory attitude recently, he says:

"If the future historian desires to probe to the uttermost the possibilities of idiocy among Caucasian people during the closing decade of the nineteenth century his material lies compiled and indexed close at hand. He has only to study the letters upon the recent election results which were printed during the last ten days from scores of wrathful Tories and Unionists. These letters fairly beggar description. It is difficult to belive there ever was before so much asininity compressed into a given area of printed matter. The defeated candidates write explaining the causes of their discomfiture, and give reasons which would upset the gravity of an Aberdeen kindergarten. Their friends contribute epistolary support even more incredibly brainless.

"It gives one a shock to note day by day that the more stupid and silly one of these letters is, the greater chance that it is signed by a professor or fellow of one of the universities or the big training colleges.

"Those of next highest fool value are written by Queen's counsel and barristers. Only a little lower down, parsons and retired generals rival one another for the chaplet, and about on this level, too, deserve to be placed the leading articles of most of the Tory papers. It really does raise a question in one's mind whether what we call education may not in time come to be recognized as a legitimate electoral disqualification.

"Even to one living here and interested in the subject it is hard to grasp the scope and deep-seatedness of this book-taught, upper-class dullness and savage bigotry on political questions. A friend of mine is a field officer, with a command of a unique scientific importance at Aldershot. Commenting the other day on his being of late a good deal in town he explained to me that he and another officer were the only Liberals of a mess of sixty-two officers, and that during this period of political excitement life became literally unendurable to them there, so insulting was the treatment to which the others subjected them, and so revolting was the idiotic twaddle they were forced to listen to as the only political opinions fit for gentlemen.

"One gets a public sample of this same sort of thing in the letter which Major-General Dashwood wrote to a paper the other day, expressing the satisfaction of the service at the defeat of two eminent army officers who had stood as Liberal candidates, and adding, 'To a patriotic soldier nothing can be a greater object of loathing and contempt than a British officer who is both a Gladstonite and Home Ruler.'

"This well-nigh incredible missive was written on paper of the Naval and Military club. As a number of Liberals belong to this club a movement was started to attempt to discipline Gen. Dashwood for thus openly insulting his brother officers and members, but I am assured that the committee of the club will laugh at the idea.

"With partisan hatred running these wild lengths outside Parliament, it is not strange to find the old Tory *Morning Post*, owned by Sir Algernon Borthwick, whom Salisbury is going to make a peer a few weeks hence, calmly advising the policy of proroguing Parliament till the ordinary time next February, the Tories continuing to hold office meanwhile. It points out that sufficient supplies have already been granted for the ensuing year, and that it would really be the highest act of patriotism to thus keep out Gladstone's mongrel, crime-stained rabble as long as possible.

"Undoubtedly some such scheme as this is being canvassed in the more violent wing of the Tory camp. It is true that the *Times* today editorially dismisses this frenzied programme by saying that Salisbury has obtained estimates by an honorable understanding that he will resign if a sufficient majority is against him in the new Commons, but it also gives editorial praise to a letter from an eminent Queen's counsel, who points out that forty-one of the present Irish members were convicted by the Parnell Commission of having desired to improve the condition of their native land. The Queen's counsel, of course, describes this as rebellion, treason, and so forth, and calmly suggests that the majority thus made up is no majority at all.

"In fact, the whole Tory-Unionist opposition is rallying around this point of objection to Gladstone's majority because it is Irish. These are the people whose bitterest indictment of Gladstone's Home Rule bill was that it excluded Irish members from the Imperial Parliament. Now they insist that, being in the Imperial Parliament, these Irish members ought not to be counted to make a majority. Is it any wonder that intelligent and honest men grow weary and sick of having to maintain a contest against this sort of opponents, or grow to doubt whether the so called educated classes of this country are not also its most dangerous classes?"

Mr. Frederic's disgust would be very much increased if he knew that of all fetich worshippers, the English Tory is the most fetichal. Anything the Tory Premier may do is law to him. When, in the earlier days, Wellington and Peel were against Catholic emancipation, the English Tory was against it also. When the Duke and Sir Robert, for fear of civil war, turned right about on the question in 1829, the English Tory, true to his fetichal nature, turned with them. When the present Tory Premier, Salisbury, offered to outbid the Whigs on the Home Rule issue in 1885, all Torydom sat dumb and docile, awaiting the outcome. The Tory programme did not suit the acute Parnell, and so, having first knocked the Tories out of power by masterful combinations, he let the Whigs take hold again, and the Home Rule bill of 1886 was the result. If, tomorrow, the Marquis of Salisbury, Arthur J. Balfour and the other Tory leaders were to bring in a Home Rule bill more radical even than that proposed by Gladstone, the average English Tory would swallow it, even as he swallowed Catholic Emancipation at the bidding of Wellington and Peel. The British Tory is a dumb animal of anthropoidal aspect, but entirely lacking in the native intelligence of the chimpanzee, the ourang outang, or even the gorilla. He has hair on his brains, and the sunlight of intelligence rarely breaks through the dense crop. Salisbury himself looks not unlike an educated baboon, if his pictures don't belie him, but he is not half such a fool as he looks. Balfour is more on the order of ring tailed monkey. They are very fit leaders for the English Tory simians.

FATHER LEONARD'S STRANGE "REPUDIATION."

The best intentioned of men sometimes, in a burst of passionate rhetoric, talk absurdities and give comfort to the enemy. THE CITIZEN has no doubt of the sincere patriotism of the Rev. Thomas A Leonard, of Steelston, Md., who delivered the oration at that place on July Fourth, but it certainly cannot endorse some of the sentiments expressed by him on that occasion. Among other things Father Leonard said: "Along with the question of religion that of race, too, should be removed from our civil intercourse. This distinction of races is alien to the spirit of Americanism, alien to the spirit of our constitution, alien to the spirit of liberty, alien to the very air that sweeps over our vast country and fans our flag. Let no man call me an Irish-American. I repudiate, I spurn the epithet. There is no such thing as an Irish, German or French American. We are all patriotic sons of America, and there is no need of any special kind. We are not an Anglo-Saxon race. We speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue, it is true, but this, too, has been Americanized, and we should see to it that this and no other is taught in our primary schools whether they be public, private or parochial schools. It is time enough to teach children the foreign tongues when they have mastered our own. Religion is the only barrier we can oppose to lawlessness and crime. Nor do I mean the Catholic religion alone, but any and every religion worthy of the name as opposed to atheism, be it Judaism or Christianity. In order that we may be a free people we must be a religious people, and as we wish our children to inherit the liberties we enjoy, let us make them religious also. Religion is the best custodian of our liberties now, and the very best channel to transmit them to posterity."

Why should Father Leonard spurn the respectable distinctive title Irish American? It is not a political, but a racial, term, because, under the laws, all citizens whether native or naturalized, are American, in the political sense. For our part, we claim to be as good an American as anybody, in the sense we have mentioned. We owe no other allegiance, we are bound by no other ties, excepting those that are sentimental and sympathetic; but we *are Irish* American, and we are proud of the fact. We were born on Irish soil, and we cannot remove the fact, nor do we wish to remove it. Man was never rocked in a nobler cradle than Ireland. She is not large. She is not powerful. After a long and gallant struggle she was beaten in the field, but her flag has not been furled in despair, and today she is as much a thorn in the side of her oppressor as she ever was, and her hopes are brighter than they have been for many years. Father Leonard, if he was born in Ireland may call himself "an American" all he pleases, but he will not increase either his influence or his respectability by such a course. The Leonards are a very ancient Irish family, and the scent of the shamrock will hang around the name until the crack of doom. It is impossible to sever entirely the mysterious bond that connects the human being with his native country. Who has not read Scott's immortal apostrophe to Scotland, beginning "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?" and concluding with the superb lines—

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood!
Land of the mountain and the flood!
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?

If Father Leonard's absurd theory were to be adopted we should be compelled to close out from our hearts and minds forever the affections and sweet memories of our happy youth. The mountain, the rath, the round tower, the ancient fields of glory and sorrow, the bloom of the heather, the gold of the furze flower, the perfume of the hawthorn, the song of the river and the emerald of the valley. Never! To America we give our loyalty and devotion—to Ireland our sympathy and our love. The one is great and grand and powerful; the other weak and scorned and downtrodden, but perish the Irish craven, no matter what his calling, who would, therefore, repudiate the ancient motherland where repose the ashes of the beautiful and the brave, the loyal and the virtuous whose blood flows in his dishonoring veins!

There is a mania among a certain class of Irishmen in this country for running after the Anglo-Americans—who, in proportion, despise them—and for repudiating their Irish names and origin, as if such poltroon renegadery could elevate them in the eyes of other races. For our own part, we like the American people of all races and creeds, but we do not consider it necessary to obliterate our racial distinctiveness, in order to placate their prejudices. The Germans don't do it, and they are respected. The Swedes don't do it, and they, too, are held in high repute The Slavonic races maintain their distinctiveness, and who dares deride them therefor? Why must the Irish be called upon to forget "the fountains whence they rose," by Father Leonard or anybody else? His reverence may not think so, but it is, on his part, a weak yielding to the Knownothing idea, which hates everything Irish, as it does everything Catholic, in this country. The Anglo-Americans constantly boast of English literature, English language, common ancestry and common religion. We are not aware that they have been severely rebuked by Protestant preachers on that account. They have not felt called upon to "spurn" their racial designation. We think sentiments like those uttered by Father Leonard do great harm. They win, for the moment, the applause of the unthinking, but they furnish weapons to the bigots who would, if they had the power, wipe Ireland and all that bear her colors or love her name off the face of the earth. It is the British, not the American, sentiment in this country which is glorified by utterances like those of Father Leonard.

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

It is a strange thing that the press of England, a country that is supposed to be France's hereditary enemy, seems more inclined to notice and praise the marvelous progress France has made since her defeat by Germany, than the American press does. There is hardly a civilized country in the world that has been more sparing of its praise of recent French endeavor for reformation, than America has been. Even Germany itself is full of wonder and praise for France. The South German press has published articles about what France has done since her defeat and humiliation by Germany, that are all the more remarkable because coming from a people who so largely assisted in giving France the greatest overthrow that she ever got since she became a nation.

Those who would know the tone of English public opinion about France, and how the contemplation of her marvellous efforts for advancement not only in a military but in a civil point of view has filled even her enemies with admiration, should read an article on "French Girls' Schools" in the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Nothing of as laudatory a character has ever appeared about France in the American press, either in magazines, or in weekly or daily journals. Its author is a Mrs. M. E. Sandford. She says at the commencement of the article:

"Of the great educational progress in France since 1870, I had long been dimly aware; but even a passing glance at the remarkable work actually accomplished during the last twenty years is little less than startling. An absolute Renaissance, it is called, and I do not think the epithet is an exaggerated one. Of all that has been done, I have neither the time nor the ability to speak; I can only note down the three great lines of achievement which have made the most impression on my mind: (1) The extraordinary progress that has been made in elementary education; (2) The well ordered training colleges; (3) That magnificent institution, the Conseil Supérieur, or great representative Council of Education. This last seems the finest thing that has been done for education by any European people since the education movement began."

It would be useless to quote any more from Mrs. Sandford's remarkable article. She is, it would appear, in some way connected with the educational movement in England, and seems in no way prejudiced in favor of France; but her article is one of the most extraordinary that ever appeared not only in the English press but in any press, about what France has done to educate her masses since the year of her defeat and humiliation. The "dreadful year," as the French call the year of 1870, was what caused the revival in France of everything that tends to make a nation great and happy. Mrs. Sandford says that it seemed as if the entire spirit of the nation had been retempered by its sudden and unexpected plunge into the bitter waters of adversity. Surely a people must have something heroically noble in them when disasters such as no other nation ever experienced and lived through, have only made France more hopeful, more heroic and more patriotic than ever.

Mrs. Sandford says that in another decade the youth of France will be the best educated in the world. Not only is it compulsory on parents to send their children to school, but there seems an interest taken in the well being of the children, especially the children of the poor, that far out-does anything of the kind in this country, or in any other. One item may be mentioned showing not only the *paternalnes* but the motherliness of France towards her poor. It appears that there are canteens, or kitchens, attached to all the public schools in Paris, where children who live too far away to go home for their dinners, can get a substantial meal of soup, meat and vegetables for 25 centimes, or 5 cents. But this is not all; those children whose parents are too poor to pay even 5 cents for a good meal, are *secretly* furnished with meal tickets; and as all the children who want meals have to have meal tickets, none but the recipients of free meal tickets knows who receives them. Of a truth, France's progress since her misfortune is the sublimest fact in the history of nations; and yet the press of that country that owes France the deepest debt of gratitude that any existing nation owes another, is among the last to notice what France has achieved since the time of her humiliation.

AN AMERICAN PROTESTANT WOMAN REBUKES BIGOTS.

The following spirited, sensible and patriotic letter, from an American girl and a Protestant, was recently addressed to, and published in, the Omaha, Neb., *Tribune*:

"*Editor of the Tribune:* Catholic or Protestant?' This is the first question asked of a candidate for any position from school teacher to the president of the United States. The question of fitness does not once enter into the discussion. This is unchristian, uncharitable, uncivilized and un-American. This is supposed to be a free country, where all forms of religion are tolerated and protected, at least such has always been the proud boast of Americans. But that boast can no longer be sustained. I am a Protestant and my forefathers came over with the Puritans. My father carried a musket shoulder to shoulder with Catholics, and Catholics and Protestants alike suffered and died to preserve this government. I am proud to say, 'I am an American and have never found it necessary to join any secret society to be protected in my religious belief.'

"A person's religion is a strictly private affair and concerns the individual alone. He is responsible to none but his Creator for the manner in which he performs his devotions. For shame. We are all Christians, all read the same Bible, worship the same God and are traveling the same road to eternity. Why this petty quarreling and bickering? Instead of progressing we are going back to the dark ages dragging out the foul and bleached skeletons of the past and trying to parade them before the public dressed in the garb of the nineteenth century. Take them back to their graves and bury them where they belong. They were dead one hundred years ago.

"Why is humanity so blind? Can't you see what it all amounts to at last. It is the scheme of a few black-hearted political tricksters instituted for personal gain, or to use an old saying, 'they wish to bring water to their own wells.'

"When the A.P.A. was organized the great cry was that the Catholics had all the offices. If they are so much better than the Catholics why dont they show a little more tolerance and christian spirit by leaving at least our school teacher in the place which she has filled with credit to herself and satisfaction to those who employed her? Let this senseless strife forever cease and look at things in their true light. Be not content to gaze through the glasses supplied by hypocrites and knaves, for, as long as you are, everything will be of the same sable hue as the hearts of those who supply them.

"When the world trembles, the heavens fall and the immortal souls are gathered to Him from whence they came, the challenge, 'Catholic or Protestant?' will never float over the desolate wreck of creation.

MARY UPTON."

MR JOHN F FINERTY lectured to a good sized audience in the Opera House, Ottawa, Ill., last Monday evening on "The Heroic in Irish History," under the auspices, and for the benefit of, the Western Catholic Union. He spoke for over an hour, and, despite a temperature that rivalled that of a Turkish bath-house, was listened to with attention throughout. A large number of ladies were present.

Literary Notes.

Prof. David P. Todd, of Amherst College, will describe in the August *Century* an ascent of Fuji-san, the sacred mountain of Japan. His expedition was one of several which have been made possible by the bequest of a wealthy and eccentric Boston gentleman, who left a fortune of $200,000 to a board of trustees, with discretionary power to employ it in establishing and maintaining an astronomical observatory on some mountain peak. The fund is now managed by the Harvard College Observatory, and experimental research has been conducted at high altitudes in different parts of the globe in order to show the precise nature of the improved conditions of vision, and to ascertain the best location for the mountain observatory.

THE JEWS AND POLITICS.

The following article appears in the *Jewish World* of London, Eng.:

Mr. Claud Montefiore addresses a letter to us this week, in which he protests against our "assertion that Jews should vote for Mr. Gladstone as Jews." The assertion to which Mr. Montefiore refers did not take this limited form. We merely reiterated last week the view we have championed for many years past "that it is the bounden duty of our coreligionists to attach themselves to the Liberal party." Nor have we ever sought to justify that view by the reasons which Mr. Montefiore conjures up and so vigorously assails. We are, on the contrary, in entire agreement with him when he pleads that it would be unfair to strain our gratitude for the service rendered to Jewish emancipation by the Liberal party so far as to impose a disability on our political judgment. None the the less there must be some efficiency in the principles which have given us the position we hold today, and a corresponding inefficiency in the principles which sought to deprive us of that position. We think that Jews should be members of the Liberal or People's party in whatever country they may live, because their religion bids them follow that course. How a Jew can profess Conservatism in face of the essentially democratic teaching of the Old Testament passes our comprehension. We do not say that this rule should be inflexibly observed, and that there may not be occasions when Jews, without ceasing to be Liberals, may disapprove of the acts of their political leaders.

The Home Rule question is, however, not one of those occasions. If the Jews were in the same position as the Irish they would most certainly want Home Rule. If, without a country they have fought for and preserved their racial identity and their national aspirations, they should be the first to sympathize with other races who, with similar identities and aspirations, possess the territorial conditions which enable them to force their aspirations in the arena of practical politics. We regret to notice a reference in Mr. Montefiore's letter to the "poor minority." Does he honestly believe that the Protestant Ulstermer have anything to fear? Why Ireland is one of the few countries in which there has never been any persecution of Jews, much less of Protestants. We warn our co-religionists that this anti-Popist cry which the Conservatives are trying to raise is an attempt to re light fires of religious bigotry from which the Jews would be the first to suffer. It is the product of the same sour and fanatic imagination which repealed the Naturalization bill of 1743, which is now persecuting the Jews in Russia, which stimulated the outcry against Cardinal Wiseman, and which inspires the Blood Accusation, and the thousand and one superstitions and prejudices from which Jews and Roman Catholics have so unjustly suffered.

CATHOLIC PICNICERS.

About 1,200 people enjoyed themselves Wednesday at Willow Springs, where a grand union picnic was given under the auspices of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois, the central body of nearly all the Catholic temperance societies of the State. Two trains, crowded with young and old folks from every parish in the city, pulled out of the Union Depot over the Chicago & Alton Railroad Wednesday morning for the picnic grounds. The walk from the station platform at Willow Springs to the banks of the Desplaines river was somewhat tiresome, as the baskets the picnickers carried were heavily laden and the heat of the sun's rays was very oppressive. All thoughts of this were soon banished, however, when Barton's orchestra started up the dance music. Those who didn't dance swung in hammocks or went boating.

During the afternoon the Patriotic Sons of Father Matthew, arrayed in their gorgeous uniforms, gave an exhibition drill. The Emeralds and Emmets, of the Gaelic Athletic Association, played football, and the different societies present engaged in a tug-of-war contest. Other interesting events of the day were the sword exercise given by the officers of the Holy Name School Regiment and the chase after a greased pig.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois was organized twenty three years ago. A few years later the Archdiocesan Union supplanted it in this city, but two years ago the latter organization was merged into the State Union. There are now 8 000 members in the sixteen societies belonging to the central organization. Its officers are: Rev J. M. Scanlan, of Chicago, president; Rev. T. Hickey, of Alton, vice-president; Mrs Jennie Clancy, of Chicago, second vice president; Edward Hayes, of Chicago, treasurer; Justice Walter J. Gibbons, of Chicago, secretary; P. J. Donnelly, of Springfield, state organizer; William J. Quinlan, organizer for Cook county.

The organization has done much toward encouraging temperance. In nearly every parish it has established libraries, reading rooms, gymnasiums and billiard rooms for its members.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

GLADSTONE'S POLICY.

Full Text of the Last Speech Delivered by Him in the Midlothian Campaign.

He Declares that Home Rule Must Take Precedence of All Other Reform Measures.

A Powerful Indictment of British Rule as Practiced in Ireland.

Mr Gladstone recently addressed a meeting of the electors of Midlothian at Penicuik. Along the whole line of route, from Dalmeny to Penicuik, the right honorable gentleman met with a series of enthusiastic welcomes. The available space in the United Presbyterian church, in which the meeting at Penicuik was held, had been so arranged as to afford accommodation for 900 people, all of whom gathered within the walls sometime before the commencement of the proceedings. Upon Mr. Gladstone entering the church the assemblage rose en masse and vociferously cheered.

Mr. Gladstone on rising to address the assemblage was enthusiastically applauded. After a few preliminary remarks he said:

The evidence of the meaning of the present elections is not yet complete, but is growing upon us from day to day. From day to day I have stated to my old constituents in divers places that I could not say how the results already achieved were to be reconciled with the continuance in power of a Tory government, and I am bound to say that that evidence grows from day to day. I do not like to anticipate the fulness of the event which is not arrived, but I can assure you that the votes already given have more than completely convinced me that the great majority of the people of this island of Great Britain are in their hearts friendly both to the Irish cause, and likewise to the reform and improvements which are desired by the Liberal party (cheers) That testimony, it is true, could have been still more weighty, still more overpowering had it not been for the strange—you will

FORGIVE ME USING PLAIN WORDS

—the strange and almost incredible feeling in certain individuals, in several of the constituencies in Scotland and also outside of Scotland, in England and in Ireland, where the astonishing result has been achieved of securing the return to parliament of persons hostile to the Irish and to the Liberal cause, while at the same time in these very elections a large majority of votes had been given at the poll favorable to the cause (cheers). That is certainly sad, but the world is mixed (a laugh), and we must be thankful for the best results we can get. Recollect the fact that numbers of members returned to parliament, decisive as we think their voice will be, yet do not fully represent the development of the Liberal power at the elections, though certain fractions of that power have been in the hands of gentlemen who thought it fit and wise to use it for the purpose of defeating its own ends. Of course, gentlemen, it would be premature to anticipate at this date, before the elections are actually over, the results of this important appeal to the nation, but I will, at any rate, go so far as to say that if the result should be the accession to office of a Liberal government it would be the duty of that government firstly to consider with care the entire situation, and secondly to apply itself to the discharge of its great and diversified work with energy and with courage (cheers) Now, gentlemen, I wish to mention a variety of subjects, some of which have been touched upon during the circuit I have made, and others of which had been reserved in consequence of the pressure of other topics. One word upon the labor problems.

IF IRELAND WAS OUT OF THE WAY,

and so soon as Ireland was out of the way I would say the labor problems have become the main problems, taken in the aggregate, for the attention of statesmen and parliament. I think it will be a real advance if, by some harmonious measure, we can make some progress towards allowing a limitation of the hours of work in the nature of a local limitation according to the views and convictions which may prevail. I object to—at least I feel it difficult to accept—legal limitations wherever there is no unanimity among those on behalf of whom they are sexed, and I think it will be a very great gain, as I have mentioned elsewhere, if we should find it practicable to deal with this question of mining labor on the principle on which the advocates of temperance are seeking and desiring to deal with restrictive laws, namely on the principle of local option, and according to the local sense of the people (cheers). He contrasted the Liberal civil and war expenditure with that of the present Conservative government, and showed that in two periods of the six years the Conservatives had spent by far the most money. It was quite true that the Liberal government had had wars, but every one of them was in order honorably to redeem engagements into which their predecessors had entered, or else to remove difficulties which the Tories had created. He charged the government with dodging practices in their financial policy. He claimed no credit whatever, he said, as a prominent champion of disestablishment in Scotland, for in his opinion, it was distinctly a question which ought to be left to the people of Scotland. Having dwelt at some length on those questions, and having spoken in strong condemnation of the opium traffic in India, Mr. Gladstone proceeded—Now, gentlemen, as I began my circuit in Midlothian with reflections upon

THE IRISH QUESTION,

I propose to end with them, for, indeed, say what we will, we all feel it was manifest, sir, in your speech, at the commencement of these proceedings—it has been manifes in every meeting I have attended—that the Irish question for the present involves every other question. Unless we can escape from that, and until we escape from that, we shall not see satisfactory and vigorous progress on general legislation. But that is not the sole topic I want to put before you in connection with Ireland. What I want to know is, and what I say again and again to our antagonists—sometimes, perhaps, with sharpness of argument, but oftener with mournful reflections and of most earnest desire, if it were possible to find some way to their hearts and to their understandings—why do you continue this terrible strife between England and Ireland? I say between England and Ireland for the two reasons, that Scotland had no real representation before 1832, that ever since 1832 we have had, at all events, a great deal of effort, not sufficiently continuous or effectual, but a great deal of true and honest effort to amend the case of Ireland, and Scotland now declares, did declare in 1886, in the darkest hour of our Liberal fortunes, and does now declare by the return of the present election that she will have nothing to do with the responsibility of this guilty controversy. She shakes it off and repudiates it, and desires to substitute for the state of things that now exists one that in principle is totally different (cheers). I cannot conceive what is the inducement to anybody, be he English or be he Welsh—and the Welsh gentlemen are ahead even of you to put an end to this grievance—I cannot see what is the inducement to them to continue this controversy. If an employer unwisely and unjustly endeavor by suasion or by pressure to make his workmen work longer than they ought to work, well, at all events, he has some motive. It is not a very good or very honorable motive when it passes beyond certain limits, but at all events it is intelligible conduct. What I want to press at the present moment is this, that this prolongation of the Irish policy is totally unintelligible and totally irrational. There is not one of the motives that you can urge to me as governing human action in political affairs that does not show that every good man, every wise man, and every patriotic man with a glimpse of reason in him ought to endeavor to bring the controversy to an end (cheers) I shall endeavor to show, by dwelling very briefly on the various elements,

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD AND DESIRABLE GOVERNMENT.

Now, what makes a government good and desirable? I have thought of six points, and I do not know if you will be able to devise any others. At any rate, I will say these embrace a very large portion of the causes. I will examine them briefly. The first question is, is the present arrangement between Great Britain and Ireland a convenient method of carrying on the the government of that country? The second question is this, is it a method that contributes to our good fame as a nation? The third is, does it contribute to public economy—is it cheap? A cheap article is not always a good article, but still no article ought to be loaded with an unnecessary dearness. The fourth question is, does it cause and breed content? The fifth question is, does it create national strength? And the sixth question is, is it consistent with common honesty? (Loud cheers). Let me point out to you how we stand upon each of these six points—these six vital points. First of all, is the mode of governing Ireland convenient to us? Convenient? Why, what is the object we all have in view but to liberate our legislature from the enormous burdens, from the entangling fetters which retard its motion, and restore it to its full freedom for enabling it to meet the constantly growing wants of the country that fall from year to year more and more into arrears. Gentlemen, a relative of mine, a very near relative of mine—I am happy to say, a son of mine, who is a member of parliament for Leeds (cheers)—has examined this question with a minuteness in a short article in the *Nineteenth Century*, with a minuteness and care—though I am his father, and have no business to say anything of the kind—that, I think, does him some credit (cheers). And whereas before his examination, we were in the habit of saying that we believed, and I for one did firmly believe, that Ireland needlessly wasted one third of the whole available time of parliament, his examination of the columns of Hansard has demonstrated that fact as if it were a proposition of Euclid (cheers). Gentlemen, what are we to say about our legislative arrangements that bring about a system of that kind—a mortgage of 33 per cent of the time of parliament? I ask any one of you, I ask any father of a family in average circumstances, able to keep his wife and children able to put down a penny, yet a scanty penny, for a rainy day, what would be his position, what would be his condition and that of his fellows and community if the whole of their income were to be mortgaged for no good purpose whatever to the extent of 33 per cent? This I am arguing now simply as a point of convenience, and I say that is the system for which our opponents are contending. I come to another subject on which I have a still more acute feeling at any rate, and that is

THE GOOD FAME OF THIS COUNTRY,

for good fame, gentlemen, is, in my opinion, a valuable possession (cheers). We all know that the opinion of the community, the opinion of friends, and of our fellow men, is a very salutary check upon bad conduct, and in a great number of matters a considerable inducement and incitement to good conduct. Now, what is the fame of England in the world with regard to Ireland? Go to America. They are your countrymen, your own blood, sprung from your own race—what do they think of the quarrel between England and Ireland? Well, gentlemen, I will tell you. A gentleman of great eminence in the Republican party of America—and it is known and undisputed that the Republic a party in America are less Irish than the Democratic party—told me just before the presidential election that there would be 18 000,000 votes given, or as they call it, cast, in the presidential election; and if it were on the Irish question the number favorable to the cause of Ireland would be 10 500 000 Go to the Australian colonies, go to the great Dominion of Canada, you will find the Dominion of Canada has passed a solemn formal resolution in favor of Home Rule (cheers). Perhaps you will say, what business have they to interfere? That is not the question. The question is, what opinion your conduct generates in those who are your own friends and kinsmen—who, whether you think they are entitled to speak or not, must and will speak. The Russians may say we are not entitled to have an opinion about Poland, but when I hear the argument of the Tories and the argument of dissentient and seceding Liberals, I sometimes think some of them may as well go to Russia (cheers) But, gentlemen, it may be said this is an opinion of the moment, but I will go to that which is not the opinion of the the moment. I will go to the literature of the world, and I do assure you that for years and years I have looked in such languages as I have any access to or any knowledge or smattering of—I have looked for expressions of opinion in the literature say of France, Germany, Spain and Italy.

GO WHERE YOU WILL UPON THE IRISH QUESTION,

there is not to be produced a decent book by a decent author, I believe, in any single language of Europe that does not acquit Ireland and condemn England (cheers) I do not know what you think, but I think that a very material fact. There was an individual who, about three or four years ago—I had better not mention his name—published a biggish book, purporting to be an American opinion, entirely in favor of England and against Ireland, but that gentleman has since so woefully come to grief in a matter so serious that his face is no longer to be seen in this country, and that the *Times* newspaper which glorified his book to the skies when it appeared, now never quotes or refers to his opinion. Gentlemen, that is a very serious fact. It is a very grave fact for a nation in a matter involving moral conduct to have the solemn, universal, permanent opinion of the civilized world recorded against her (cheers.) My next subject is one I shall deal with with very great brevity, and that is the question of economy. We quite understand what we want by an economical government. We want to have a cheap government for all ordinary purposes, and if in anything it is dear let it be for some particularly good end. But in Ireland we have a government of enormous costliness, but not for any good end, but for every bad end that could be conceived. Why, gentlemen, I showed six years ago—the fact is beyond dispute—I believe it has aggregated since then—but I showed that the civil—I am not including military expenditure—I showed that the civil government of England, Scotland and Wales costs 8s a head, and the civil government of Ireland costs 16s (cheers.) What do you think of that on the point of economy? To govern well costs 8s a head. Well, I did think to govern ill we might have got off with three or four shillings (laughter) Now, to govern ill costs 16s a head, but, gentlemen, that is not all. What an awful story has been, and to a great extent still is, the military occupation of Ireland. Now, I ask you to compare this with your own case. When the Union, by a horrible combination of violence and fraud, was forced upon Ireland the number of men kept under arms to prevent Ireland from shaking off that Union rose to close upon 140,000 men. We were in the middle of the great European war all that time when we required to strain every nerve for the purposes of that war, and 140,000—I think it was 136,000—were detained in Ireland. That was at the rate, gentlemen—for the population of Ireland at the Union was reckoned at the outside at 5 000 000—that was at the rate, therefore, of 27,000 per 1 000 000—27 000 armed men per 1,000 000 of population. Apply that to the 4,000,000 who inhabit Scotland now and what would be your condition if you had been treated and had submitted to be treated as the Irish then were? You would have among you 128,000 armed men to keep you down. It is not so bad as that now. The Irish, I am sorry to say, are fewer in number even than they were at the Union. They are perfectly well aware of the overwhelming power of this country. They know if they strained every nerve, if they exposed every individual in point of mere force, they could not in any way be brought into comparison or competition with Great Britain; but even now

WHAT HAVE YOU IN IRELAND?

You have a police force which is armed for all purposes as against the people like a soldiery. I do not say it is a soldiery to go into the field, but it is a soldiery for the purpose of keeping down the people—always walking about with arms, and in a semi-military condition; and you have, besides that, on the average—I don't know what the precise number at this moment may be—it never varies much—the average has always been from twenty five to thirty thousand men. Well, gentlemen, that is not the case in Scotland, and why is it that it is the case in Ireland? However, I am not on the moral question. I had forgotten that I am on the subject of economy. The admitted cost of every soldier upon the average is £100 a year. Put together your 30,000 men at £100 a year. You will find it is three millions of money—besides what I told you about civil government—three millions of money, or, allowing for the small handful that are necessary to preserve a good state of things, call it two millions and a half of money thrown away utterly, not for the purpose of attaining no good end whatever, as I shall show, because I go on to my fourth head, and my fourth head is "Good Government." The test of good government, the aim of good government is contentment. Has contentment been reached in Ireland?

ASK LORD SALISBURY.

What does he write about? He writes about a comparative handful of Protestants. These he calls Loyalists (laughter), and he calls them the Loyal party, and outside of that party are the people of Ireland, and in his own view the people of Ireland are rebels in heart, and are striving and only waiting to have the English barriers taken away to run in upon these Loyalists and oppress them. I am not going to enter now into a discussion of the rights and wrongs of that. I am speaking of this—if a government is good it will produce contentment, and if you find general and unceasing discontent you may be quite certain that there is an evil in the government. We have shown what it is. That is the case of the government as to contentment. I come now to the case of strength. Suppose—which God forbid—but it is possible—suppose we were enveloped in a desperate war, that we wanted for the maintenance of our honor or vital interests to send out of the country every man we could. Well, how many soldiers should we require to keep in Scotland. I believe you would hardly keep in Scotland—you would be compelled to keep what you call the depots of the regiments merely as a nursery ground of the army—but I believe that except those depots of the regiments you would not require to keep a single man (cheers) Your fortress would be in the understandings of the people and the affections of the people (cheers) They would keep themselves and they would defend themselves, and they would very soon learn the way to do it effectually. Could that be done in Ireland? No, because these 25,000 men, as long as you continue to maintain the present system, they are the symbols, not of the justice of England, but of the power of England, and they must remain to uphold that power. Is that the way, gentlemen, to produce Imperial strength? I say it is the secret of Imperial weakness. I go higher. The true secret of Imperial strength does not ultimately lie in the numbers or the excellence of your standing military force. It lies in the people themselves, and

TO HAVE A PATRIOTIC PEOPLE ATTACHED TO THIS COUNTRY,

and loving this country is a security infinitely beyond what regiments and squadrons, what guns and artillery can give (cheers.) Even descending from that I say, look at those five and twenty thousand in Ireland, and think what you would do in Scotland if you were in great military straits. Reflect what you would have to do in Ireland, where the great probability is that instead of diminishing that large force probably you would be obliged to increase it in order to meet the views of those who sometimes in their despair were driven to say England's danger was Ireland's opportunity (cheers) I have gone through these five points—convenience, good faith, economy, contentment and Liberal strength, and I affirm that for every one of them it is we who are fighting the battle of the Empire, and that it is Tories and their pretended allies who are fighting against it. Now, there is one topic which is more solemn than any of these, and that is the pure topic of right or wrong, the topic of common honesty If one of you is a fraudulent man in the face of his neighbor—I do not believe there is such a person in the chapel; I only give it as an illustration—and thrives upon his fraud, what then? The more he tarries the more miserable is his lot, the more sure it is to result in his ruin. Gentlemen, it is fraud and falsehood that is to be charged upon the policy of this country in regard to Ireland.

WHEN THE UNION WAS PASSED,

there was one promise given to Ireland, so solemn that it is impossible to exaggerate it in words, and that promise was—it was offered as the compensation for all the losses that it was known and admitted that Ireland was to undergo—that promise was that she was to be governed by equal laws by the same laws with England and with Scotland. Ah! gentlemen there has hardly been a year in which that promise has not been broken. It has been broken never more grossly than in the year 1837 by the Parliament returned in the panic of 1836 It never was more grossly broken than when this year a bill was presented to Parliament, which bill no minister in his senses, no minister out of his senses (laughter) would ever have dared to propose on any platform in any parish to any body of men or to any single man in England or Scotland (cheers) Ah, gentlemen, think what it is,

THIS BROKEN FAITH,

this faith trampled upon and lying bleeding at our feet. Is there such a thing as a national conscience? Is there such a thing as national right and wrong? When will men come to feel, when will voters come to feel, when will they, casting aside for a moment some considerations of their own interests or their own class or personal purposes, even though in its time it may be legitimate—when will they come to think of the tremendous considerations before God of the deliberate, wanton and age long perpetration of those national wrongs and falsehoods? I cannot tell you, gentlemen, how earnestly I wish to impress these things upon your minds. I thank God they have to some extent been impressed upon the minds of men. It is not now as it was in 1886 (cheers.) We have made great way. Rely upon it that in a good cause, and with the aid of the powers that befriend a good cause, we shall make greater way yet. For me, at my age, it speaks for itself. The appeal at this time is a solemn appeal. But let me say this: The occasion is scarcely less solemn for every voter in this chapel, for every voter in this country, for every voter in this country, if only he could be made to understand, in the same plain, practical way as he understands the objects and the actions of his daily life, that he is the man responsible; because this country is not governed by the wills, or the fancies, or the bias of statesmen—it is governed by the House of Commons, which results from the aggregated votes of those individuals to which everyone is contributing a share. If there is one thing that you should desire and more pray for than another, it is that voters should be made more to understand their duty and their responsibility. They cannot throw it off. They might have said a hundred years ago—"We have nothing to do with it." It would have been true fifty years ago. They might have said—the great bulk, probably, of those who are in this chapel might have said—"We are not inhabitants of £10 houses, and it is only with them it rests." Now, gentlemen, the nation votes and the nation rules. Upon the nation will be the honor of victory; upon the nation, also, and not merely upon its public men, will be the shame and the disgrace of failure (loud cheers, during which the honorable gentleman resumed his seat)

After the passing of a unanimous vote of confidence in Mr. Gladstone, the party returned direct to Dalmeny. According to present arrangements they will leave Edinburgh on Wednesday.

All Aboard!

Make haste. Your baggage is all right, but have you got a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? No! Then you have made a sad omission, and if you are troubled with stomachic qualms *en route*—if you are sea sick, my dear sir, or madam, you will have deserved your fate. How dreadfully the waves or the jarring of the engine or screw shakes you up! Now there is a mute but awful call to the ship's side. Now, if you had the Bitters along with you this wouldn't happen. Travelers and tourists, take our advice, and before you start on your yachting or ocean voyage, your coast-wise trip or inland outing, obtain the Bitters, and thus fortify yourselves against stomachic difficulties, malaria, dyspepsia and the effects of exposure in rough weather or bad diet or water Take it, too, for biliousness, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

The August number of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains some stirring articles. That on "Harrison vs Cleveland"; "Tariff for Protection vs Tariff for Revenue" will interest all parties. "Points About the Irish Crisis," by Rev. J. C. Halpin, C. C "A Glance at Ireland's Poets and Poetry." "St. Anne's on the Ottawa," by Anna T. Sadlier. "Celebration of the birth of the poet, Moore, in Chicago, with portraits of the orators." These are the principal articles. There are more than one hundred articles on as many different subjects, interesting to all Catholics of every nationality. One hundred large pages a month $1 for six months. Address, *Donohoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A.O.H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

A Great Effort to be Made to Provide Them With a Home.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

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At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a. m.; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:59 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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OBITUARY.

MRS JAMES LYMAN.

Mrs. Catherine Lyman, wife of James Lyman and mother of Wm. H. Lyman and Mary Lyman, after a long illness, died at her late residence, No. 24 Seminary avenue, July 21, aged 55 years. The funeral occurred from the late residence Sunday, July 24, to St. Vincent's church, thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. The pallbearers were John Gibbons, Wm. Goggin, Terrence McNulty, John Dawson, John Pailben and William Hershey. Mrs. Lyman was a most estimable lady, and her loss is a great shock to her devoted husband and loving children. She was a native of the county Mayo, Ireland, but came to America early in life. She was a devout communicant of the Catholic church, and, like all of her family, a sincere friend to the cause of Irish national independence. The funeral was the largest in many years.

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36 & 38 BARCLAY-ST., NEW YORK CITY.

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face,
And these the boundaries I trace.
Northward her forehead fair;
Beyond, a wilderness of auburn hair;
A rosy cheek to east and west;
Her little mouth
The sunny south.
It is the south that I love best.

Her eyes, two crystal lakes,
Rippling with light,
Caught from the sun by day,
The stars by night.
The dimples in
Her cheeks and chin
Are snares which Love hath set,
And I have fallen in!
—John Allan Wyeth in Harper's.

UNSHRIVED.

In the City of Mexico, toward the close of the year 1731, Friar Lorenzo, of the Monastery of Los Suspiros de Jesus, was making his way homeward to that establishment in the chilly hours of very early morning. He had been keeping a vigil, imposed by the regulations of the order, that had taken him to a chapel in the parish of Nuestra Senora de la Soledad, away out beyond the Zocalo, that lay about equidistant between his two terminals. A very old man was Friar Lorenzo, and his pace was far from rapid, so that he had been long on the way. By this time he was so fatigued that his limbs almost refused longer to uphold the spare weight of his trembling, aged body. Yet he nerved himself to renewed effort as he heard the second hour boomed out from the big timepiece of the cathedral at the very moment that he reached the entrance to the Calle de Olmedo, for the great fatigue he felt was yet exceeded and partly neutralized by a more potent impulse—the spurring thrills of terror.

Perhaps it were unfair to say that Friar Lorenzo was a coward; the kinder view were to consider that the sequestered conventional life had developed abnormally an extreme constitutional timidity. No priest in the monastery—nay, none in all the great City of Mexico—was better, kinder or led a life more godly than that of Friar Lorenzo. So meek was he, so holy in his life, that his superior ofttimes found it needful to rebuke him for excess of fasting and penance, and to exercise vigilance in the way of seeing that Friar Lorenzo took ailment enough to nourish his frail body, instead of setting apart his portion for bestowal upon the swarm of mendicants that daily haunted the steps of the monastery.

But in the active functions of his office—in aught that led him without the convent walls, to intercourse with his kind and encounter with the issues of worldly existence—to all such effort and contact the holy man was most reluctant, being ready to purchase exemption from such movement at any cost of penance.

The superior of the order had struggled long against this infirmity, and the mission on which he had tonight sent Friar Lorenzo was in the direct way of endeavor to correct the weakness. But alas! tonight the suffering of the friar was greater than ever—so great indeed as to be almost unbearable. The hour, the silence and gloom of the deserted streets, with their houses that appeared sealed and lifeless, and other like forces had wrought him up to a very panic of abject nervous dread—a fear of something, he knew not what.

It was not long since all Mexico had been stirred to horror and dismay by the disappearance of the noble priest, Juan de Nava, whose fate was not made clear till many long years after, and many grisly rumors were still rife concerning this matter. At that period robbers abounded in Mexico, audacious and unpunished—robbers who would murder a man for the garments he wore. Stories, too, were related of men who killed for the ghastly delight of killing—whose crimes were inexplicable and seemingly causeless, like those murders committed in the dreary street of Don Juan Manuel, the stern motive of which transpired only long thereafter. Moreover, the ready superstitious credences of the day gave willing heed to the legends and traditions of the conquered Mexicans, and found in these supernatural causes for even vulgar crimes.

Therefore it was no marvel that poor old Friar Lorenzo was full of terrors in his night walk.

At the mouth of the Calle de Olmedo he halted, for its intensity of gloom and silence was even more terrible than the way he had just traversed. But this route meant a saving of many blocks of circuit, and after a brief hesitation, crossing himself and kissing his crucifix, which he firmly believed contained a splinter of the true cross, the old man entered the dark thoroughfare, murmuring, as he went, his prayers. He had scarcely passed the corner when he started so violently as to stagger and almost lose his footing, for his gown brushed and caused to rattle slightly the sword of a man standing silent and motionless in the embrasure of a doorway. Friar Lorenzo shuddered as he felt the eyes of the unknown bent piercingly upon him, and he quickened his steps to hurry onward.

He had traversed half the block and was beginning to breathe more freely when he heard behind him the dull fall of footsteps following after—not in haste, but with the assured, deliberate measure that told of the pursuer's conviction that he could overtake this object of his pursuit without undue exertion. And in truth it was but a moment before the echo of that firm, determined tread sounded close beside the shuffling, uncertain feet of the friar, who commended himself to the infinite mercy of God as he felt the presence of his pursuer. For some paces the two walked side by side in unbroken silence, and the monk was conscious of the sidelong, scrutinizing looks of the other.

Presently, "Delay thee, holy friar," spoke the object of his terror; "I have need of thy ministrations."

But Friar Lorenzo answered, trembling: "Spare me, I pray, your worship. I am old and feeble; since noon of yesterday I have kept vigil, and flesh and spirit alike are fainting. Your worship knows that to call at the wicket of any of the abounding monasteries will bring you succor, temporal or spiritual—aid far better than my poor, weak service. I pray you, senor, think no harm, but I beg to decline the office."

The man at his side laughed shortly—a crisp, crude laugh, that made the monk feel as if he were shriveling up as he heard it.

"God's death! these friars are presumptuous! The ministers of God—the servants of heaven—so their creeds profess, yet they give themselves the airs of statesmen and 'beg to decline' the offices of their profession! Have you forgotten your vows, sirrah? Have you forgotten to what service you are consecrated? Nay, then, I will have you—you and none other. See that you move on before me." He made as if to impel the monk by grasping his arm; but the touch of that hard hand so affected Friar Lorenzo that he reeled and would have fallen had not the man released him.

"What—what would your worship have of me?" he stammered faintly.

"You go to shrive a sinner," and with that answer his guide halted before a lofty mansion whose overhanging balconies shadowed the street. The somber cavalier pushed open the great zaguan, or entrance door, without knocking, although, as Friar Lorenzo marked, there was a knocker of peculiar design, quite distinct from the conventional clenched hand or lion's head—for this was a battle ax, falling upon a buckler, and the two glimmered quite strangely clear in the gloom. The tunnel-like arch of the zaguan was all in densest darkness, save where a dim ray of light filtered out from the crack of a door on the left hand, whither the way was led by the man who had captured the friar.

This was the apartment usually assigned as a door porter's lodge in great houses, but here it seemed of dimensions more spacious than was common. The dark walls seemed to absorb rather than reflect the pale rays of the candle, yet enough of brilliance fell to flash gleams of keen color from the jewels of one who lay on a rough cot in a corner, draped over with a coverlet of rich brocade, glinting back the candle light from the golden threads of its embroideries.

The stern man pointed to the outstretched figure: "Do thou confess her quickly."

The friar drew back with a start and a shiver when he had bent over the woman, for she was fast bound to the rude bed, made moveless by harsh cords that held her beautiful naked arms outstretched by her sides and lashed her feet, too, closely. An observer of more worldly knowledge than Friar Lorenzo would have guessed that she had been borne hither from some scene of gala and rejoicing, for on her delicate wrists, and on her exquisite neck, and in the soft masses of her dark hair blazed splendid jewels; and the zone of her corsage, showing above the coverlet, roughly wrapped around her, showed that the stuff of her garb was of exceeding richness.

"Wouldst thou confess, my daughter?" stammered Friar Lorenzo, drawn back to her despite his fear, less by his sense of duty than by the appeal in her eyes, full of a great despair and a mighty terror. He turned, when she made a sign of assent, toward his captor, in intimation of the privacy due to a confession, but that somber figure only laughed, albeit most harshly, and drew somewhat aside, toward the doorway. Then Friar Lorenzo, bending low above the woman, shaken between his fears and his pity, listened to her confession. But she had not yet finished when the grim watcher strode forward, caught the friar by his lean, trembling arms and cried: "Have done! thou art making pretexts! Too long this wretched woman has lived already!" and so, against her wild entreaties and the friar's protests, he dragged the minister away and thrust him forth into the street.

The friar, half stunned yet half desperate with the thoughts awakened by his forebodings and the tale heard from the woman, called, prayed and knocked, beating his frail hands on the heavy bronze bossed portal in a very frenzy. But the massive wood gave back only the sound of his blows, and that but dully. At last, despairing, he hastened from the spot with so hurried and uncertain a step that the few wayfarers who now began to appear in the street shrunk aside from him with more of awe than reverence, and murmured, "Oh, the poor padre! his many penances have made him mad."

Friar Lorenzo was half distracted, most of all with doubts as to his divided duty. Did his priestly vows as to the inviolability of confession exact silence as to what had happened? Did the duties of humanity and justice demand that he give up to investigation and punishment the doer or would be doer of what he was convinced was a foul crime? And so, seeking to temporize for guidance, he would fain tell his beads to temporize and calm his giddied senses. But his rosary swung not at his side, and a flash of thought reminded him that he had laid it upon the couch beside the doomed woman. That decided him. No fragment of the divine, thrice sanctified true cross must not be left to the unhallowed hands of that grisly, scoffing monster.

Thus Friar Lorenzo set off with eager though trembling speed for the Palace of Justice that stood then, as it stands now, fronting on the great square Zocalo, or main plaza, and at right angles to the cathedral and sagrario. On the bridge spanning the canal before the palacio he met a patrol just setting out on the last round before sunrise. The friar halted before them, and with knotted tongue and parched, stammering lips gasped forth his story. The officer of the patrol sped back to the guardroom to summon the alcalde, and a moment later the squad was rattling along at a swinging pace, the friar, whose exhaustion was evident, borne on the clasped hands of two stout soldiers. Following his directions, they paused at last before the wide zaguan of a house in the Calle de Olmedo. "It was here," the priest said, shivering.

The officer raised the brazen battle ax of the knocker and clashed it against its buckler, but no challenging voice nor sound of shuffling, sandaled tread came back in answer. Again he knocked, more loudly, and no sound arose within but hollow echoes. Then the alcalde rapped with his sword and summoned, "Open in the name of the king, his justice!" and still no key rattled in the lock, no clink of bar or chain gave promise of ingress.

By this time a crowd had gathered about the place, for the most part Indian hucksters, driving their heavy laden donkeys into the city to market, or household servants, thus early out of doors for the daily sweeping of the streets. One of these drew near from a house across the way, a woman of more than middle age, bearing the bundle of long, jointless straws tied up with a string that make the short, handleless brooms of Mexico.

"Senors, your worships summon in vain," she said, with somewhat of wonder breaking through the composure of her bearing; "this house has long been vacant."

Friar Lorenzo turned in a sort of rage upon her, his meekness overborne by his distress of body and his soul's solicitude. "Wouldst say I lie, impious one? Shall a priest not know where he has heard confession? But it was here, I tell ye! Open! open! nor tarry for her prating, lest the crime be done within our very hearing."

The woman's dark face flushed. She seemed a decent body, and her countenance was full of intelligence beyond the common, as she replied, with protest as positive as respectful:

"Nay, his reverence, she were indeed a bold and irreverent woman who would dispute the word of Friar Lorenzo—aye! I know his fame for holiness, as who does not among the humble ones of Mexico? But his reverence is less young than he once was, and these daybreak lights are uncertain, so that to mistake one house for another is easy. Humbly do I assure ye that never once has this door been opened in the fifty years that I have lived across there, and my mother, who was portress before me, has often said that never in her time had the house a tenant."

"But open! open!" Friar Lorenzo shouted. Then the officer, impressed in spite of himself by this strange excitement and insistence, bade his men take up a massive viga, or roof beam of cedar, that lay where some workmen had been repairing an azotea, and, poising it among them, the patrolmen again and again dashed the heavy timber, in the guise of a battering ram, against the door leaves, whose heavy planks crashed loudly at the impact; then the bolts sprung open, and into the zaguan poured the gathered gazers. No sight or sound of life greeted the incursion.

Once inside the zaguan it was no hard matter to shatter the heavy, antiquated padlock that held the door leading to the side room; that clumsy defense was indeed half eaten away with rust and verdigris, and down from the corners of the door head swung veritable curtains of venerable cobwebs, thick and velvety, the ancient tapestry. The door fell inward with a crash of rotten, honeycombed wood, and every soul there but one retreated a step or two from the unknownness before them. Only Friar Lorenzo pushed forward, with an eagerness that vanquished his decrepitude, and then, from the farther corner, came his voice:

"Said I not so? And will ye doubt me longer, unbelievers? This was the place indeed! They have taken away the hapless lady; ye must seek her, but the proof of the place I show ye! Here it is, among a pile of rubbish, mine own dear rosary, made of olive stones from Gethsemane," and he came forth, as the chief of the patrol caught a cresset from the hand of a huckster and blew into a pungent blaze its slumbering bit of ocotl (Mexican pitchpine or lightwood), and went forward to rake curiously with his short sword among the shapeless heap that the friar had abandoned.

"This rubbish—why, lads! Here is a wristlet, rings, a great breadth of brocade incrusted with gold and gems—a collet of major diamonds—aye! we have found a bonanza! and—what is this?" He clapped his hand upon a long mass, black as jet in the red light, and with one swift sweep held it aloft, as high as his head, whence it fell to the knees of him. Then he dropped it with a gasping cry of terror. "'Tis hair! a woman's hair. And—gracious God! See that! the hair of a dead woman!" For, as he stirred that dense black veil from the coils and couchings where it had lain for unknown years, a smallish skull, long kept in position by its once crown of glory, rolled forward and touched his russet boot. And from the dread crumbling relics now arose a dire odor of mortality, whose warning of dissolution and decay sent the stout soldiers and their commander rushing, with one accord, away from the bones and the diamonds, hustling the peeping mob before them.

"Aye, Padre Friar Lorenzo!" called the alcalde; "now, what a blessed thing it is we have a holy man among us! Father, en el nombre de Jesus, Maria y Jose (in the name of Jesus, Mary and Joseph), purge and purify us of this vile contact!" and he would have knelt before Friar Lorenzo; but a sturdy artisan, who had just sent his great red copper kettle rolling across the dankly mossed stones of the court as he dropped it in the effort to catch the sinking figure—this grimy Christian called out: "Stand back! Give him the good God's air, ye doughty soldiers! Ah, no; it helps not! his eye is fixed, his face is ashen—his body grows a dead weight. Aye, senors, see you not that this sainted Friar Lorenzo is dying, for never yet lived through the day a priest who confessed one already dead—and how many years think ye have lain yonder, whither he led us, the mortal parts of the poor lady ye cried out that ye had found there?"—Y. H. Addis in Argonaut.

MOLE CATCHING.

AN ENGLISHMAN WHO MAKES A LIVING IN A QUEER WAY.

British Farmers Think That Moles Are Nuisances and Pay Laborers to Destroy the Useful Little Creatures—Opinion of a Surrey Hunter.

Here is the opinion of an old Surrey mole catcher on the matter of the wholesale destruction of our friends:

"Yes, I ketches 'em right enough; I has orders for to do it, but I ain't bin at this ere sort o' work all my days. 'Tis the way o' the world; when your hair's gray they say the steel's gone out o' ye and only the iron is left." This is a common saying in our county. "But I knows better; there's many an old ax cuts better than a new un. I bin head keeper, bless ye, in th' old squire's time, afore these 'ere changes cum. They ain't got rid o' me; I bides here; I might do wuss. But it do seem a most mortal let down, arter shootin an trappin all sort o' things, fur a chap to cum down to mole catchin."

"I should just like to have your opinion on this very subject; no one can have had better opportunities for seeing the matter all around. I should say you can speak as certainly as most as to the good and the harm they do."

"Ah, that's just it, mister; you've hit the nail on the head. There's the good and the harm on 'em. They don't kill game, that I knows; but I tell 'ee what, them hills as they turns up in rough medders, just outside 'o covers, is the very best place fur the birds to peck an scratch about in—them an the emmet hills. There's lots o' things gets killed that ain't no harm to nothing. But you has orders to kill 'em, an if you don't do it you gits the sack. That's the head an tail of my business, as I sees it. One time the farmers killed all the sparrers. They knows better now, most of 'em. As to moles, there was a pretty cry out if a molehill showed in a medder, an on'y some of 'em understands what them little creturs does for the land yet. Fur when there's a bit o' cold, low lying medder ground—most of that sort o' land is damplike—an the moles works it, their runs is like so many pipes laid down.

"Then they knocks them hills what the moles throws up over the medder, an 'tis the very best top dressing a bit o' that sort o' land can have, is that what the moles has brought up on top o' the ground. There ain't no sheep feed like that what they gits off old molehills. An then see here, they feed desprit sharp when they goes at it. They eats all sorts o' things that bides both under an above the ground. They aint in one place, neither, all their lives. So 'pears to me that if they was to level the hills in a medder when the moles had left it things would be all right like. There's lots o' things kills moles besides us as ketches them, both above and below. I've set fur a mole an I've ketched a weazel many a time. An what a many different colors I've ketched—white 'uns, sandy an white, black an white an tortoise shell, same as our old tabby at home.

"When they heaves, things watches for 'em; crows fetches 'em out on it. You ken see their flick like, when they moles gits on the top o' their hills a-working. I've seen they buzzard hawks grip 'em like lightning when I was keepering. Not o' late years I ain't; scarce nothin don't dare show itself now; if it do it has to be killed somehow or other. Moles ain't the right things to get into gardens, that's sure; more they ain't to git on a gentleman's lawn; but these ain't the proper place for them. The fields an medders is, you may depend on it, else what would they be there fur?

"No, I never knowed bad feed where moles worked; but I got my livin to git, an they moles has to be killed, so I does it. It makes it a bit awk'ard when they gits in they big grass medders where they uses these ere new mowin machines; but moles was about long afore they was. If you asks my 'pinion on it, mister, I says they does a lot more good than they does harm. Massy, oh, it does make thet mowin machine bump when there's many on 'em. But that's about all the harm they do; they don't thin the grass crop; where they has their hills the grass is oncommon thick.

"But you an me knows thet these 'ere ideas about things don't help a poor man to get his livin, an if moles wasn't killed the mole catching trade would go to ruin. There ain't such a heap on 'em arter all; one family on 'em—four, five, or even three—will chuck up a rare lot o' hills. They work like 'osses, and is as hungry as wolves, though they be but such little 'uns. I've seen 'em running about like rats in the daylight lots o' times. They'll fight most desprit; some on 'em gets so artful there's no trapping on 'em. Then you has to let 'em bide a bit. An that's just about all as can be said about the good an the harm o' moles. But I say, mister, 'tis a rare drop down fur a chap from a double barrel to a mole spud an they traps, an I be gettin in years now."—Pall Mall Budget.

Dean Swift's Remarkable Guess.

One of the most remarkable guesses on record was made by Dean Swift, who, a century before the moons of Mars were discovered, made Gulliver say of the astronomers of Laputa, "They have found two satellites which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the planet exactly three diameters of the planet; the former revolves in the space of 10 hours and the latter in 21½ hours." In fact the inner moon is 10,000 miles from Mars, whereas—the diameter of the planet being 4,000 miles—Gulliver's estimate would place it at 12,000 miles.

For the outer moon he gives 20,000 miles for the distance, which is really 15,000 miles. The time of revolution for the inner moon is actually 7½ hours and for the outer one 30 hours. Professor Hall has named the moons Deimos and Phobes, after the attendants of the god Mars, who are mentioned in Homer's "Iliad."—Providence Journal.

The Driver Ants.

The driver ants of Africa are so called because they drive before them while on march all other living creatures, no animal being able to withstand them. No beast, however formidable, dares to cross their track, and they will destroy in a single night all the pigs and fowls on a farm. The huge iguana lizards fall victims to them, as do snakes and all other reptiles. It is said that they begin their attack on the snake by biting its eyes and so blinding the prey, which, instead of running away, writhes helplessly in one spot. Natives of Africa assert that when the great python has crushed its captives in its folds it does not devour it at once, but makes a circuit of at least a mile in diameter in order to see whether an army of driver ants is on the march in the neighborhood. If so, it glides off and abandons its prey, which will soon be eaten by the ants.

If an army of these ants approaches a village the entire population is compelled to fly. Sometimes the people may be obliged to take to the water in order to save themselves. The insects travel in the night and on cloudy days, because they are quickly killed by the direct rays of the sun. Should the sun come out while they are making a journey they construct a continuous arch over their path out of earth agglutinated by a fluid excreted from their mouths. In cloudy weather an arch for the protection of the marching workers is constructed of the bodies of the larger soldier ants, whose widely extended jaws, long legs and projecting aptenna, intertwining, form a sort of network. In case of an alarm the arch is instantly broken and the insects which composed it join other soldiers on the flanks of the line, who seem to be acting as scouts, running about furiously in pursuit of the enemy. The alarm over, the arch is renewed and the column proceeds as before.—Washington Star.

What Drove Him to Enlist.

An American artist with whose name all lovers of good pictures are familiar was narrating some of his war experiences at his club a few evenings ago. He served during the last three years of the war and fairly won the distinction of being a brave soldier. "I am not disposed to boast of the motive that prompted me to enlist," said he to a group of deeply interested friends, "but I will tell you what it was. Soon after the war broke out I was induced by a persistent and smooth tongued book agent to subscribe for an expensive illustrated publication. It was to be delivered in parts, one part each month, and a payment of two dollars was to be made at each delivery. Well, after awhile I got tired of the thing and found the payments irksome. But I could not shake off the book agent. He became a nightmare to me, and finally to escape him I enlisted. Of course I had some inclination to go to the front anyhow, but the book agent was the direct cause of my enlisting.

"An exciting three years of service followed, but the end came and I was mustered out with thousands of others. I turned my face to the west, thinking that the best place to get a start in business. I went to Chicago, and, having engaged rooms in a lodging house, started out on prospecting tour. The first man to recognize me in that town was that irrepressible book agent. He cheerfully informed me that he had saved all of the 'parts' of the illustrated work for me and he would bring them to my lodgings the next day. But he did not, for I gave him a bogus address and left for New York that same night."—New York Times.

Facing a Buffalo.

We had not gone 200 steps when I saw six fine male buffaloes. Hiding behind anthills and taking advantage of the wind, which blew toward us, we slowly approached the animals. When we were within eighty paces of them they scented the danger, and the two which were on guard fixed their eyes in our direction.

We waited behind a sugar loaf anthill for half an hour, not daring to move for fear of scaring the game. Then I changed my mind and tried to reach another anthill a hundred feet away, from which I could shoot sideways, as I supposed, taking advantage of the bushes.

Without being noticed by Haggi, to whom I had said nothing of my intention, I started for the place. When I was half way between the two anthills I saw that Haggi was taking aim, and before I could call out to him the shot resounded.

The buffaloes looked up, uncertain whence came the danger. The grass where I stood was low and I was plainly visible. One of the animals was wounded in the shoulder, too high to break the bone, and foaming at the mouth with his tail in the air he rushed upon me.

I waited motionless till he was within twelve paces. Then I placed a ball in his head about an inch below the horns. He bent his hind legs, but recovered himself almost at once. I fired my second barrel and he fell lifeless to the ground.—"Seven Years in the Soudan."

The Hair Rope a Protection.

For some cause no rattlesnake will cross a hair rope. When a camping party is in a region infested with these vermin all that is necessary to protect the camp at night is to lay a hair lariat on the ground around the camp in such a way that no snake can approach the camp from any quarter without crossing the rope and the campers are perfectly secure from intrusion. Why it is no human being can explain, but that it is so has been too often proven to be doubted.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Twin Maples.

At Greencastle, Ind., there are twin maple trees of equal size, but curiously grafted. At the height of fifty feet one makes a sharp angle, growing solidly into the body of the other, forming a natural arch. The trees at the base are about fifteen feet apart, and their identity cannot be distinguished at the point of confluence.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WOMEN'S HAIR IN A LARIAT.

A Fifty-foot Rope Made of the Tresses of Many Victims of Indians.

Living in the Wenatchee, a narrow valley putting into the upper Columbia river at a point called the Mission, because French priests years ago located there and taught the Indians, is an old Indian chief, La Pier by name, who has in his possession a remarkable souvenir. It is nothing less than a lasso of human hair fifty feet long and of variegated colors. The lasso is very old, just how old is not known, for old La Pier, who cowers in his cabin on the banks of the Wenatchee, is not talkative to strange callers. Only his priests of the mission who have known him long can get anything from him regarding the relic.

The lasso, however, speaks for itself if one gets his eyes on it. It is undoubtedly composed of human hair, and woman's hair at that. There you see the dark tresses of women who once were doubtless famous, locally at least, as brunette beauties. Farther along in the rope may be noted hair of brown and of auburn, and in half a dozen places of yellow. Hair jet black, straw colored and even red is shown, but the saddest of all to contemplate are the long tresses of gray and white which are twisted yards long in places in the lariat.

As had been intimated, old chief La Pier will not talk much about the lasso, but to the priests he has confided its grewsome history. The hair was taken by the savages from the heads of wives and daughters of pioneers. Many years has it been in the possession of the old chief. He will not sell it, no matter how much he is offered, and it is rare that he will show it to any one except a particular priest who has won his confidence.

To all others he is exceedingly reticent. He will scarcely talk of the rope at all. The lariat has been used many a time on the trail. Old La Pier's savage ancestors used to lasso buffalo in Blackfoot Valley, and when he got it he increased its length by the hair of several scalps he had. It is believed that probably thirty women have been scalped to furnish material for this fearful relic the taciturn chief has in his cabin.

It has come to be regarded as very valuable. The wily old Indian and his followers think there is some occult power attached to it, and it is rare that it is brought to the light.—San Francisco Examiner.

Negroes in Washington.

It will not be many years before the negro shanties in the heart of the city will disappear. They are already giving way to the march of wealth and splendor. In the northwestern part of the town small lanes dart suddenly away from broad avenues, and out of the rear windows of fine houses there are visions of small wooden dwellings, some of them hovels and some of them neat with paint and whitewash. Out of the lanes come trim girls with baskets containing some one's washing, or tumultuous small children, or the man who has made himself famous by crying through the streets, "I'm talkin 'bout debiled crabs."

A few modest homes of the thriftier negroes linger in the fashionable thoroughfares of Massachusetts avenue and Sixteenth street. Since fashion made its entrance into this quarter of the city the black men who were fortunate enough to purchase property there have held on to it with the tenacity of faith that fate has determined that they shall be as rich as the richest. So they will not sell until they are compelled by the stress of circumstance, which means, in this instance, the increase of taxes. Even then there are difficulties in the way, for the negroes are a happy-go-lucky people who have little knowledge of the forms of law, so that their property descends and passes from hand to hand without much regard to the laws governing the transfer of land.

Consequently titles are not always good, and the prudent white man who is desirous of building what the newspapers call a "palatial residence" does not like to invest his money in a piece of ground which, peradventure, may eventually turn out to belong to some one else than his grantor.—Washington Cor. Harper's Weekly.

The Right Time to Begin.

It was during a trip to the Mediterranean, when Admiral Goldsborough was in command of the fleet that the chaplain, a zealous young man, preferred request to hold services on board the flagship on Sunday mornings. The first Sunday after permission had been given the young chaplain's trepidation gave place to supreme satisfaction when he noted that with the exception of the admiral the officers and men of the fleet were assembled in full force. After waiting for a few moments for the admiral, who failed to appear, the chaplain opened the services in regulation manner: "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him."

As the voice rang out in the opening words, the admiral walked on deck, and though his face betokened a storm he took his seat in silence and so remained until the congregation had been dismissed. Then he rose, and striding over to the chaplain, said, "Young man, I want you to understand in future that the Lord is not in this holy temple until I, Admiral Goldsborough, am on deck."—Kate Field's Washington.

Big Prices for Three Horses.

The next to the highest price ever paid for a horse in the world was $105,000, for which Axtell, the trotter, was sold in Indiana at the age of 3 years. On Jan. 11, 1892, Arion was sold by Senator Stanford to I. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, for $150,000. That beats all prices. Charles Reed, of the Fairview Farm, Tennessee, gave $100,000 for the great stallion St. Blaise at a sale in New York in October, 1891.—New York Sun.

Panting for Fame.

It is Portland's proud boast to have the greatest variety of lavender pantaloons on its legs to be seen in Maine.—Bangor Commercial.

DANCING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Mexican Women Are Charming, but Their Lovers Are Unpleasantly Jealous.

A theatrical man was relating some of his experiences in the office of the Seventh Avenue hotel yesterday, and he told a story of a narrow escape he had in the west.

"I was ahead of an opera company which was playing on the Pacific coast a few years ago," said he, "and one day I struck a town on the Mexican border where I came near remaining permanently, as after events showed. There was a Mexican ball being held that evening, and in company with the local manager and a party of young fellows I dropped in to see the fun.

"I had heard a great deal of the beauty and manners of Mexican women and was curious to get a peep at Greaser society. The dance was in full blast when we arrived, and we had not been there long until we decided to take a hand in the fun. A pretty little senorita, with great lustrous eyes that would make a man mad if he looked at them too long, attracted my attention, and without the formality of an introduction I asked her for a dance. She accepted, and we whirled through a waltz, which she seemed to enjoy as much as I.

"She was as light and graceful as she was handsome, and when I seated her I took occasion to engage another dance, which was followed by another. It was a case of smitten, I confess, but one of my friends interrupted my dream by taking me to one side and saying: 'See here; do you want to get us all into trouble? If you don't you had better take a walk out of this place right away while you're in good health.' I asked him to explain, and he did so. 'Do you see that Greaser over there? Well, he's the lover of that girl you've been flirting with, and he's been watching you with a bad eye. There's going to be trouble here soon if we don't get out.'

"'Nonsense,' I replied, 'what do I care for the whole gang of yellow skinned dogs? I've got this dance engaged with my little charmer and I'm going to have it.' As the music struck up the senorita and I started out, but we had only danced a few measures when the circus began. Bang! went a revolver shot and a volley followed. The lights went out, my partner screamed and left me, and matters got very interesting in a very short space of time. At the first shot I dropped to the floor, and as the crowd was in the middle of the room I had little trouble in groping my way to the wall and finding the door.

"When I got on the outside I found my friends, who had made their escape when they saw what was coming, and they were greatly surprised to find me with a whole skin. 'These Greasers have their way of doing things,' remarked the local manager, and I agreed with him."—Pittsburg Post.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing,

Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Getting Out of a Building.

Two young girls caused quite a breeze of excitement in Broadway, near Prince street, a few nights ago. They were employed in the packing department of a wholesale notions house in that vicinity, and on the night in question they found themselves locked in the building. Being engrossed in some pressing duty on one of the upper floors, they took no account of time, and the watchman who made the rounds of the building after all the employees had departed, as was supposed, overlooked the girls and went serenely to his home after sealing the store by letting down the iron roller shutters. When the girls found that they were locked in they became greatly frightened, and, not being able to find any way of communicating with the outside world, they sat down and cried like "the babes in the wood."

Suddenly an idea developed in the brain of one of the girls. She ran into the office on the main floor and pulled the burglar alarm. The response from the other end of the "alarm" was prompt. A portion of the iron shutter was pried open, and the half crazed girls were released, much to their own relief and the delight of a good natured multitude.—New York Times.

When Labouchere Was at Eton.

There is a characteristic story of Henry Labouchere in his Eton days. For some reason or other the head master decreed that he should get a flogging. He went through his flogging like a man, as one would expect who knows how much real grit, obstinacy and will lie underneath his superficialities. Then he insisted that he should get possession of the birch which had been the instrument of his punishment. There is, it seems, or there was, a tradition at Eton that the culprit had a right to his birch, and after some argumentation, in which Labby defended his point with characteristic tenacity and resource, the birch was handed over to him.

In Truth, about two years ago, Labby had a good deal to say about school discipline, and mentioned that in his day at Eton the extreme punishment was a birching, consisting of from four to ten cuts. "I ought to know something about it," he wrote, "for I have endured it in every degree from four to ten."—London Cor. New York World.

The Spitting Snake.

A snake found in Africa is called the spitting snake by the Boers. It is between two and three feet long, and is especially bold and active, readily attacking every one who approaches it. In confinement it is very savage, opening its mouth and erecting its fangs, from which the poison may be often observed to drop, and even sometimes to be forcibly ejected, whence the name given it by the Boers.—Quarterly Review

A Boy's Memory.

Mr. Suburb—I told you to go to the store this morning and get a rake and spend the day raking up the odds and ends in the garden. Why didn't you do it?

Little Boy—I—I couldn't rake up the garden.

"Why not?"

"I—I forgot to get a rake."—Good News.

Josephine Werner, a New York confidence woman, with the expressive alias "Weeping Caroline," has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for obtaining money under false pretenses. For thirty years she has bled the charitable by way of her tear ducts and false stories.

Burglars have become so numerous at Waterloo, Ia., that a special force of policemen has been appointed for the residence district.

The Northwestern Farmers' Elevator company of Green Forks, N. D., will build a 500,000-bushel elevator at Superior, Wis.

John Johnson, a farmer near Hartford, Mich., committed suicide by taking paris green.

William Knack of Detroit was stabbed to death by George Bossenberger over a neighborhood quarrel.

Clark Stearns, aged 82 years, was killed by an express train two miles from Canton, Ills.

The steamer Enchantress from Santos and Pernambuco has arrived at New York having a case of yellow fever on board. Four of the officers died on the voyage. She is held in quarantine.

Charles Koehler, aged 6, shot and fatally wounded his brother Chris, aged 15, near Vandalia, Ills. The younger boy found an old gun and, not knowing it was loaded, pointed it at his brother and pulled the trigger.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 190 W Taylor st; G H Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 590 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neil, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 186 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday, Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2007 State st; Henry S Mewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2074 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 36th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 9441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 153 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 95 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 333 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 383 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Meninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reddy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 233 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittenhmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John W Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 393 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schuit, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Golden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Cahell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 341 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 153 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Scotal hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5324 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Dequise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauschit, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Kranta, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasquez, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3516 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st., at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 499 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, D. Kirby, 466 W. Erie st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 320 W Erie st.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st. Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

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Div. No. 7—William Sullivan, Pres. 130 Lytle st.; Patrick Carmody, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec., 3442 Marshfield av; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; M. Doyle, V. P.; James McDermott, Rec. Sec., 392 North Branch; P. J. Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; D. J. Mahoney, Treas. Meet third Sunday each month, 3 p m, cor Clark and Michigan sts.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., S. Chicago; P. C. Finery, V P; Tomas White, Rec Sec, S Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T. Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Doerrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2336 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderickk, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 32—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3613 Lowe av; V P, E. P. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1066 31st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5508 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doheny, 6359 Honore V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 68th and Halsted sts; Fin Sec. M E Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

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The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

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County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first-st.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

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Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-Pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin sec, Michael Donnehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edward Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Morrow; treas. Matthew Parley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourt; Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Pete Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney; Meet first Saturday each month at Larne Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Brooks st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 2 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May st.

Div. 33—Pres, P. H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 106 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 39 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p m. President, David I Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 38 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cook, President, 96 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. L. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes Marshal, R. J. Nash.

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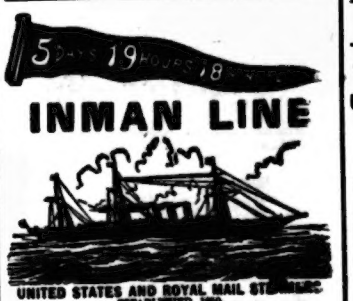

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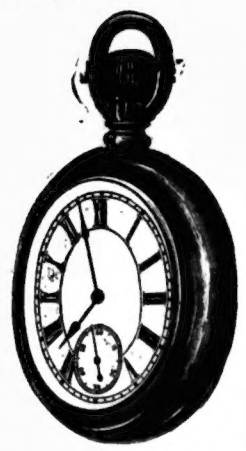
WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12 50 We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and instalment men have been selling this watch right along for $36.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14 35.

Offer No 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18 50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18 50

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.75. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

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